Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1919

THE GENESIS OF THE FOURTEEN COMMANDMENTS

"WITH its causes and objects," said the President, of the war, "we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth, we are not interested to search for or explore."

We cannot apply these words of the President to his own "only possible programme of the world's peace". Indeed, we should not do so if we could. Since his first promulgation of them more than a year ago the Fourteen Commandments have been the theme of all but universal consideration. They were assumed, rightly or wrongly, to form the basis of the armistice which suspended the war. They have since been acclaimed by Germany as containing the conditions of peace to which she will loyally adhere but from which she will not be willing to deviate by so much as a hair's breadth. Their promotion among the people, and incidentally among the Governments, of Europe appears to have been the chief purpose of the President's extraordinary excursion across the sea; and it is understood that they are to be urged upon the Peace Congress as its ultimate agenda. Surely it is fitting that we should concern ourselves with their origin, and should search for and explore the fountains from which they burst forth; though it may be that we shall not find those fountains particularly obscure.

There has appeared to prevail an impression that they were all an original conception of the President's, formulated and put forth on his sole responsibility, and that the accept-

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ance of them by the other Powers would be a signal personal triumph for him, tantamount to the imposition of his will and his leadership upon the Allied nations. We cannot suppose that in his self-abnegatory devotion to duty he has sought or desired such distinction for himself, though naturally it would be gratifying to him as to all the nation to have the United States thus take the initiative in the re-establishment of peace upon the only possible basis of justice. We owe it to candor, however,—in Monroe's phrase,—to confess that review of the record seems to deny us that pleasant privilege, and to compel us, regretfully, to conclude that the President had merely caught, as he himself said on another occasion, the voices of humanity which were in the air; or rather, perhaps, the oracular voices of other Governments which he had himself solicited; which he then reproduced in his own deft and persuasive phrases.

It was on January 8, 1918, that the Fourteen Commandments were enunciated. But it was long before, it was on December 18, 1916, that the President suggested to the belligerent Powers, of which we were not yet one, the desirability of an early statement of their conceptions of the necessary terms of peace. The very next day Mr. Lloyd George spoke epigrammatically of "restitution, reparation, and guarantees against repetition," and taking the cue from that the Allies on January 10, 1917, nearly a year before the promulgation of the Fourteen Commandments, made a formal and detailed reply, in which they named as necessary terms of peace the following:

> The restoration of Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro, with the compensation due to them; the evacuation of the invaded territories in France, in Russia, in Roumania, with just reparation; the reorganization of Europe, guaranteed by a stable régime and based at once on respect for nationalities and on the right to full security and liberty of economic development possessed by all peoples, small and great, and at the same time upon territorial conventions and international settlements such as to guarantee land and sea frontiers against unjustified attack; the restitution of provinces formerly torn from the Allies by force, or against the wish of their inhabitants; the liberation of the Italians, as also of the Slavs, Roumanes, and Czecho-Slovaks from foreign domination; the setting free of the populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; and the turning out of Europe of the Ottoman Empire as decidedly foreign to Western civilization.

It is quite obvious that in this statement was included the essential germs of a majority of the Fourteen Command-

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ments; to wit, of the sixth to the thirteenth inclusive; with strong hints at the gist of some others. Following that, however, and preceding the President's promulgation of his "only possible programme," were two other still more explicit and comprehensive statements of the necessary terms of peace as seen by the Allies. One of these was a statement adopted by the Special National Labor Conference at Westminster, London, on December 28, 1917, and the other was Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the Trade Union Conference on Man Power, on January 5, 1918. Both of these were, of course, fresh in the President's mind when he uttered his Commandments on January 8, as indeed he himself at that time declared. It will be interesting to compare the Commandments with them, item by item; omitting only the Second Commandment, relating to the Freedom of the Seas, the origin of which has been confidently and positively attributed, by his biographer and eulogist, to Colonel House; though others, apparently on no less plausible grounds, ascribe a German source.

The First Commandment directs the making of "open covenants of peace" and the abolition of secret diplomacy. Ten days before, the Labor Conference declared that "The British Labor Movement relies very largely upon . . . the suppression of secret diplomacy."

The Third Commandment calls for "the removal of economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions." The Labor Conference had already declared "against all projects for an economic war . . . whether by protective tariffs or capitalist trusts or monopolies," and in favor of "the open door, and no hostile discrimination against foreign countries."

The Fourth Commandment demands reduction of armaments. "We must seek," said Mr. Lloyd George, three days before, "to limit the burden of armaments;" while ten days before the Labor Conference called for "the common limitation of the costly armaments by which all peoples are burdened."

The Fifth Commandment requires "impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon the principle that in determining all such questions the interests of the population concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined." Mr. Lloyd George had already declared that the colonies must be

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" held at the disposal of a conference whose decision must have primary regard to the wishes and interests of the native inhabitants."

The Sixth Commandment is that Russia shall be evacuated and assisted to an unhampered and independent determination of her own political development and national policy. The Allies on January 10, 1917, had demanded the evacuation of Russia, and Mr. Lloyd George on January 5, 1918, had added " We shall be proud to fight to the end side by side by the new democracy of Russia. . . . Russia can be saved only by her own people."

The Seventh Commandment names as the first of all such acts the evacuation and restoration of Belgium, without any attempt to limit her sovereignty. Mr. Lloyd George had already said: " The first requirement always put forward by the British Government and their Allies has been the complete restoration, political, territorial and economic, of the independence of Belgium, and such reparation as can be made for the devastation of its towns and provinces." The Labor Conference also had said: " A foremost condition of peace must be the reparation by the German Government of the wrong admittedly done to Belgium; payment by that Government for all the damage that has resulted from this wrong, and the restoration of Belgium to complete and untrammelled independent sovereignty."

Again: " No other single act," said the President, " will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determind." " Before there can be any hope for stable peace," Mr. Lloyd George had said, " this great breach of the public law of Europe must be repudiated and so far as possible repaired."

The Eighth Commandment runs: " All French territory should be freed and the wrong done in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine . . . should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure." Mr. Lloyd George had said: " We mean to stand by the French democracy in the demand they make for a reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871. . . . This sore has poisoned the peace of Europe for half a century, and until it is cured healthy conditions will not have been restored." The Labor Conference also reaffirmed " its reprobation of the crime against the peace of the world . . . in 1871," and demanded its undoing.

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The Ninth Commandment calls for " a readjustment of the frontiers of Italy along clearly recognizable lines of nationality." Mr. Lloyd George had regarded " as vital the satisfaction of the legitimate claims of the Italians for union with those of their own race and tongue." The Labor Conference declared " its warmest sympathy with the people of Italian blood and speech who have been left outside of the Boundaries assigned to the Kingdom of Italy," and its support of " their claim to be united with those of their own race and tongue."

The Tenth Commandment runs: " The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development." So Mr. Lloyd George had said: " Though . . . a break-up of Austria-Hungary is no part of our war aims, we feel that unless genuine self-government is granted to those Austro-Hungarian nationalities who have long desired it, it is impossible to hope for a removal of those causes of unrest in that part of Europe which have so long threatened the general peace."

The Eleventh Commandment demands the evacuation and territorial restoration of Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro; the determination by friendly counsel of the relations of the Balkan states to one another, and international guarantees of their political and economic independence and territorial integrity. Mr. Lloyd George had demanded " the restoration of Serbia, Montenegro, and the occupied parts of Roumania; " adding that " the complete withdrawal of the alien armies and the reparation for injustice done is a fundamental condition of permanent peace." The Labor Conference demanded " the freedom of these peoples to settle their own destinies."

The Twelfth Commandment directs that while the Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire shall have secure sovereignty, the non-Turkish nationalities must be set free, and the Dardanelles must be opened and neutralized. Mr. Lloyd George had declared that while the Allies did not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race, the non-Turkish peoples were entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions, and the Dardanelles should be internationalized and neutralized. The Labor Conference also had declared that whatever might be proposed concerning Armenia, Mesopotamia and Arabia,

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they could not be restored to Turkish tyranny, and that the peace of the world required the neutralizing of the Dardanelles.

The Thirteenth Commandment calls for "an independent Polish State" to "include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations." Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for Great Britain and her Allies, had said: "We believe that an independent Poland, comprising all those genuinely Polish elements who desire to form a part of it, is an urgent necessity for the stability of Western Europe."

The Fourteenth Commandment, finally, declares that "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike." Later commentators interpret this as a league of nations to replace the old alliances and balances of power, for the preservation of the world's peace; and there has been perhaps more controversy over it, and the President's peripatetic propaganda has been more directed to the promotion of it than all the other Commandments put together. Well, Mr. Lloyd George certainly did not deny, defy and forever exclude the notion of some such league when he said: "We are confident that a great attempt must be made to establish, by some international organization, an alternative to war as a means of settling international disputes." The Labor Conference went further. It specifically demanded: "That it should be an essential part of the treaty of peace itself that there should be forthwith established a supernational authority, or League of Nations." (It will be recalled that the President has, since the original proclamation of the Commandments, insisted that the formation of the League must not precede nor follow the treaty of peace, but must be exactly coincident with it.)

Here, then, we submit, we have the *fons et origo* of the Fourteen Commandments; a disclosure which must on the whole be regarded as reassuring and gratifying, as well as highly explanatory. It is explanatory, obviously, of the President's otherwise strange unwillingness or at least his failure to elucidate to his own countrymen the more precise meaning of such of the Commandments as seemed to the Man in the Street a trifle cryptic. Seeing that they had been so fully put forth before, he was justified in assuming that all intelligent men already understood them; while, since others

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were their real authors, any further explication of them should come from those original authors, and not from him who was merely repeating the law once delivered.

It is reassuring, because it betokens sweet peace and harmony in the forthcoming councils of the Powers. In presenting the Fourteen Commandments to the Peace Conference, the President will not be introducing the apple of discord, and will not be providing matter for controversy. Rather will he be reminding his European colleagues of a *fait accomplis,* which will require nothing but recognition and ratification. "May I not," we may well imagine him saying, "may I not recall to your attention the only possible programme of the world's peace, which Mr. Lloyd George more than a year ago promulgated as the will of the Allied nations?" To that there can of course be but one answer; than which nothing could be more gratifying.

Thus do we perceive the Genesis of the Fourteen Commandments, which have been so eloquently proclaimed to the world by our perambulating President. They are not his. And we hasten to add that he never claimed them. He was speaking of the indications of the Central Powers of their desire for parleys of peace, and of their illusory and deceptive tone. The Allies, on the other hand, he said, had again and again spoken clearly and made plain their terms of peace. "There is no confusion of counsel among the adversaries of the Central Powers," he said, "no uncertainty of principle, no vagueness of detail." So he went on to tell what was the programme of the world's peace; of course, as described not by himself but by all the adversaries of the Central Powers, whose counsel was so unconfused, whose principles were so certain, whose details so distinct. And the result was the Fourteen Commandments; in which, he added, "We feel ourselves to be the intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists."

It may be that some who are more Presidential than the President will regret thus to be compelled to forsake the flattering unction that the only possible programme of the world's peace was the original invention of Mr. Wilson, of which no forecast nor glimmering had ever entered another mind. The great majority will, however, agree with the President himself in recognizing the real origin of that programme, and will feel that it is after all best that it should be

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so; and that it is better to be thus merely the spokesman for a united world than to be the independent projector of possible controversy and discord into the councils of the nations.

THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF CRITICISM

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, flamboyant and enthusiastic in his devotion to his party chief, resents criticism of the President's public policies, and apparently regards refusal to approve all that he does and says as little short of high treason. Not long ago, it will be remembered, he wanted the Senate to ratify and confirm in advance whatever vagaries the President might indulge in in his peripatetic propaganda; which of course the Senate very properly declined to do. Now he half passionately, half plaintively laments that the Senate does not invariably give the full approval after the deed which it refused to give before it.

With the personal aspects of the case we need not much concern ourselves. The President is by far too great a man, too free from those petty self-opinionated vanities which we ungallantly call feminine, to object to receiving himself that manly, honest criticism which he is always free to bestow upon others. The public and what we may describe as the patriotic aspects are more important. We are told that criticism of the President, especially while he is on his circumambulatory mission, will impair the prestige and weaken the influence of the United States.

If this were so, it would be matter for sincere regret. But we cannot believe that it is so. We cannot believe—we should be most sorry to believe—that the President is so autocratically identified with the State, after the fashion of *le Grand Monarque,* that legitimate criticism of him militates against the Republic. Indeed, we should regret to believe that it necessarily impairs his own individual authority. There is an ancient and authentic admonition to those whom all men praise, to take heed to their ways lest they fall. We should not therefore regard universal approval as the highest of commendation for a statesman.

The notion that criticism of him is detrimental to the nation we must wholly repudiate. The prestige and influence of the United States are of no more fragile fabric than those of other lands. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau have

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not escaped criticism, even bitter denunciation. They are not hedged about by so strict a law of *lèse majesté* as is the President, and they have accordingly been more often and more severely attacked than he. But we cannot perceive that therefore Great Britain and France have declined in prestige and influence among the Powers.

There is obviously, moreover, much greater justification for criticism of the President than of either of those statesmen. That is because this nation as a whole believes that there is occasion for it, and therefore approves it, while France and Great Britain do not approve attacks upon their Prime Ministers. It is well to make this plain, even though it be not agreeable to the incense-burners of the Administration. In the midst of an intensely controversial era Mr. Lloyd George appealed to the nation in a general election, and was sustained by perhaps the largest majority ever given to any statesmen on such an occasion. In similar circumstances M. Clemenceau appealed to Parliament and received an overwhelming vote of confidence. But when the President appealed to the country for a vote of confidence, with pleas of exaggerated urgency, he did not get it.

Would people who are more Presidential than the President have the nation stultify and falsify itself? In the late general elections the American people, thoughtfully and deliberately, refused to give the President the Congress of rubber stamps for which he had asked. They elected instead a Congress which would be quite independent of his will, and which, while it would of course sustain him loyally in all patriotic measures, would hold itself free to differ from him whenever and as much as it pleased on matters of policy and of politics. Seeing that such was the will of the people, why should the present Congress unanimously and invariably show itself subservient to the Presidential will? Through every available means of expression the nation made it clear and emphatic that it did not desire the President to go abroad and did not approve his self-willed going. We know of no reason why it should now reverse itself and approve the excursion, simply because the President persisted in it against the public will. The President did not deign to explain in advance the policies which he purposed to advocate abroad, to discuss them with his Constitutional advisers, and to secure their agreement and approval before he went on his tour. There is no reason why those advisers should now approve

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those policies if they do not really deem them wise and profitable.

Only the infallible are properly exempt from criticism, and the President does not claim infallibility. He has been, indeed, his own severest and most destructive critic. Again and again he has reversed his own policy, repudiated his own words, and condemned his own doctrine. For that we would not condemn him. Other and greater statesmen have done the same. But it would be manifestly unreasonable and unjust to demand that all others should be similarly variable. When the President was vehemently insisting that we were not concerned with the causes and objects of the war, there were those who thought and said otherwise, and who were in consequence reviled for disagreeing with the President. But pretty soon the President himself came around to their view and insisted that we were vitally concerned in those matters, far beyond the interest which the European Powers themselves had at first manifested. Should his critics have been condemned simply for having more vision than he, and for thus seeing clearly in 1916 what he could not see until 1918?

We must uphold, then, the right to criticise. We do more. We insist upon the patriotic duty of honest criticism. It would be an abominable thing for men to attack the President disingenuously, for the sake of mere factional advantage and at the cost of embarrassing his conduct of foreign relations; and we must regret the intemperate and as we believe wholly unfounded aspersions of having done that thing, which Senator Lewis cast upon some of the most useful and most patriotic of his colleagues. But it would also be a detestable thing for any man, and particularly for an important public servant, to condone that which he thought evil and to acquiesce in what he regarded as an error, simply because some political leader, even the President of the United States, was the author thereof.

The practical value of this exercise of duty has been demonstrated more than once in recent years. Our conduct of the war has been marked with a notable series of corrections of errors. Perhaps the errors were not all morally culpable. Perhaps they were largely such as were natural to an unprepared and inexpert country suddenly confronted with so vast an emergency. But they were very serious errors, some of them even imperilling our success in the war.

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Happily they were corrected, and in time; but it is quite certain that they were corrected because of the criticism which was directed against them, and against some of the men who had made them. The critics were inveighed against and denounced as unpatriotic, but their criticisms were heeded and were of inestimable service to the Republic. In making those criticisms they performed a patriotic duty of the first magnitude.

In the making of peace there is obviously far more room for controversy, and a far greater likelihood of differences of honest opinion, than there have been in the waging of war, and the right and duty of criticism are therefore commensurately greater. It would have been far better for the President to have discussed his peace plans with those Constitutional advisers who must finally pass upon them, before starting upon his stump-speaking tour of Europe. If he had done so, and had come to a substantial agreement, the wisdom and propriety of his going abroad would still have been most dubious, but at any rate if he had gone abroad he could truly have said what he cannot now say, that he represented the will of the American Government and nation. He did not do so. He preferred to present his plans to European audiences rather than to the American Congress. In that case he must not complain if criticism follows instead of preceding such alien presentation. The hand of Congress is not to be forced simply by slighting it. Approval of policy is not to be secured by refraining from seeking it. The right and the duty of patriotic criticism will be exercised, and it will not be the fault of the critics nor, we are confident, to the detriment of the country, if the criticism is made at a time not the most convenient or acceptable to the object of it.

A LEAGUE CONDEMNED BY ADVOCACY

It would be folly as well as gross injustice to challenge the patriotism or the scholarship of President Lowell, of Harvard University, and we shall certainly not presume to question the entire sincerity and benevolence of his advocacy of a League of Nations. But just as certainly as we credit him with those qualities are we convinced of the existence of fatal flaws in the arguments with which he eloquently pleads for the creation of such a League.

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In endeavoring to dispose of some of the objections which are commonly made to such a scheme he cites first the example of Washington; or perhaps it would be better to set the example of the nation in Washington's time, since Washington was not an autocrat who would say " I am the State." It is true, he concedes, that Washington did not favor any leaguing of America with European Powers. But Washington—or the people—desired to prevent the possibility of war among the Thirteen States, and so he—or they—welded them into a League of States, or a nation.

Now that union, as an expedient for averting war, was quite successful; with one very conspicuous and important exception. But what did it imply? Obviously, as every schoolboy knows, that the States, while retaining a measure of local " State Rights ", surrendered their highest attributes of sovereignty to the nation. A new, extra-State government was created, and was invested with power to compel the States to do its bidding, even against their own will. For a time this was disputed and a number of States undertook to assert their full independent sovereignty; and the result was the one exception which we have noted to the peace-preserving power of the union—and the result of that result was to establish forever the supremacy of the nation above the States.

Now if the analogy of this Union of States with the League of Nations amounts to anything at all—and President Lowell seems to think that it does and that it is a convincing argument for the League—it implies this: That the nations entering the League would surrender some of the supreme attributes of their national sovereignty to some new international or supernational government. And that, we confidently apprehend, is precisely what thoughtful and patriotic Americans generally object to doing. They are quite willing to bind the nation voluntarily, by treaty, to do so and so in dealing with other countries. They are not willing and they never should be willing to submit their country to the dictation of aliens against its own will, and to permit any other nation or combination of nations to determine what Americans shall or shall not do.

Let us pursue the analogy between the Union and the League; with a pertinent illustration now before us. An attempt is being made to adopt a prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States. If a certain number of

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the States vote for it, it will be adopted, and will become binding upon the others, whether they want it or not. The citizens of a State might be unanimously opposed to prohibition, yet they would have it forced upon them by the will of other States. We submit that this nation ought never to place itself in a position in which such a thing might happen to it; in which, for example, by vote of the other nations in the League it would be forbidden to impose a tariff upon imports. The appeal to Washington's "League of States", therefore, creates an impression hostile rather than favorable to the present proposal.

Strangely, having thus intimated that the League of Nations would imply renunciation of sovereignty, President Lowell proceeds to deny that his scheme would have any such effect. "It has," he says, "nothing whatever to do with our sovereignty." That seems pretty flatly contradictory of his former argument based upon the analogy of the Federal Union. But that is not the worst of it. In his endeavor to justify this surprising denial of interference with national sovereignty he resorts to an argument which we should never have dreamed of attributing to him were it not expressed in his own words, and which, thus expressed, we must regard with amazed regret as quite unworthy of him. Let us quote his exact words:

> Congress's power to declare war or not to is not in any way affected. We simply agree that in certain conditions we will declare war, but Congress is not bound to do it. It does not interfere with Congress in the least. It does morally bind Congress to declare war; yes, certainly; every treaty binds the country to do something.

That is to say, Congress is not bound to do what it is morally bound to do! Can it be that the President of Harvard University was in earnest in putting forth that monstrous proposition? Does he really mean that this country should enter into a solemn moral obligation of the most momentous character with the cynical reservation that "moral obligations are not binding unless Congress sees fit to approve them"? Why, that is the morality of the Hun, in regarding a treaty as a scrap of paper, to be respected only when it comports with the nation's interests to respect it. What a spectacle for gods and men it would be for this nation to enter a League of Nations and agree to a lot of principles and rules, and then say, with tongue in cheek, "It all depends upon Congress whether we keep our word or not!"

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The indisputable fact is that if we entered a League of Nations and bound ourselves to go to war at command of that League, we should be doing one of two things: We should be abrogating the Constitutional function and authority of Congress, or we should be perpetrating an act of immoral hypocrisy which would degrade us to the level of the Huns.

From the analogy of the Union of States President Lowell turns to that of the citizens of a community. He says:

> The nations of the world are in just the same situation that you would have been in in a frontier town of the olden days, when it was necessary for you to carry a pistol. There is only one way to stop it, and that is to make the world an orderly one.

But why is it that we do not all carry pistols now? Certainly not because we have formed a League of Men for that purpose, for we have not. Neither is it because we are in fact in such a League as citizens of a State or a community which has laws against brawling and manslaughter; because the men in the frontier town were also citizens of such a State with such laws. It is rather because the average individual standard of citizenship and manhood has been raised. Let the individual men be civilized and humanely cultivated, and it will not matter whether they carry pistols or not; there will be order and respect for life, even though the laws on the subject be lax. Let the individual men be ruffians, and there will be disorder and fighting, whether they carry pistols or not, no matter how severe the laws may be.

We believe that the same principle applies to the nations of the world. Let them have, as individual and independent nations, humane and irenic ideals and standards, and the world will be orderly and peaceful without any league, even if some of the nations do have big fleets and universal military training. Let them as nations bound together in a league have brutal and savage propensities, and the world will be filled with wars and rumors of wars, in spite of the league. Great Britain before this war had a tremendous navy, perhaps as powerful as any two others united. But nobody in his senses ever imagined that it was a menace to the peace of the world or to the freedom of the seas or to the rights of any other nation.

We may be greater idealists than President Lowell or even than President Wilson—though we know of a very high authority who said that the latter was not an idealist at all but purely and simply a doctrinaire, which is a very different

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thing—but we confidently believe that the hope of the world does not lie in leagues of nations or international melting pots, or attempts at abolition of armaments, or any such artificial but material thing, but rather in the raising and humanizing and ennobling of the standard of individual nations. All the leagues in the world would not insure order if the component nations were disorderly. But if all the nations were orderly, there would be order without any league at all.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

February 22, 1819

We sit in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a paean, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,

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With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their White Shields of Expectation!

From the Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration.

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GERMANY'S POSE FOR AN ADVANTAGEOUS PEACE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE state of mind and the political situation in Germany when the conditions of peace have been imposed and must be executed, will perhaps be entirely different from what they are today. At present, Germany, virtually reduced to military impotence, is seeking to procure for herself the most favorable possible terms of peace.

The peace to which Germany was looking forward at the time the armistice was requested was expected to be arrived at by a process of bilateral debate on the meaning of the fourteen rubrics of peace proposed in January, 1918, by the President of the United States. Those rubrics, it was thought, were so broad in their scope and so indefinite in some of their applications, that it appeared possible to interpret them in such a manner as to procure for Germany a peace that would, in effect, be a greater victory than the German armies could ever hope to secure by war. The policy that was then adopted and is at this time dominant in the German mind is an effort to obtain an economic victory at the cost of a military surrender,—an economic victory which would completely justify an acknowledgment of military defeat if it could be secured by the acceptance of the German construction of the fourteen rubrics considered as the terms, and the only terms, of peace.

Little information, it is true, has been given publicity regarding the plans and policies of Germany for securing the most favorable peace that may be possible. It is, perhaps, not without a purpose that comparative silence on that subject has been preserved; still, there has been a very distinct outcropping of what is latent in the minds of German diplomatists. " All the belligerents," Count von Bernstorff

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has recently allowed himself to say, "have accepted the President's fourteen points, and the only question to be discussed is their interpretation." The new German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Count von Brockdorff-Rautzau, has made a similar statement, and the *Tageblatt* of Berlin supports this view with the declaration, "No peace must be signed which differs by the breadth of a hair from the principles of President Wilson's fourteen points, which Germany has accepted, and the Entente willingly or unwillingly has signed."

It is needless here to repeat the interpretations of which these rubrics seem to be susceptible. It is sufficient to note that they are held to provide for the following privileges which, after peace, Germany, equally with other nations, might be permitted to enjoy, under the protection of "mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity" provided by "a general association of nations":

1. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, alike in peace and in war;

2. The removal of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions;

3. Free and open-minded adjustment of all colonial claims, unprejudiced by the actual results of the war;

4. Entire national self-determination, which would logically include perfect freedom in choosing and maintaining a future form of government; and

5. Admission on equal terms into a general League of Nations.

A peace based upon these conditions, and involving only the surrender of what Germany had no claim to before the war, would render her not only a victor in all the substantial elements of victory, but would leave her in population the largest political unit on the Continent of Europe, with a clear accession by union with Austria of more than eight million of the Teutonic race; and, after extruding some four million of her present subjects belonging to other races, would give her a net gain of some four or five million souls and a considerable amount of new territory. When the peace was signed, the zone of occupation evacuated, and the occupying troops demobilized, Germany, whether a republic or a monarchy, the choice being freely open to her, with untouched economic resources and organization, no matter what proportionate disarmament might be imposed, would be by far the strongest Military State in Europe. She would possess

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racial unity, territorial enlargement, economic preeminence on the Continent, and military security. Even though she had not been defeated in the field, such a peace would be an advantageous one for Germany to make, a more satisfactory one indeed than she could ever hope to win by the victory of her armies on the field of battle.

How then has Germany hoped to secure such a peace?

The course of procedure was clearly marked out for her. Such a peace could never be made with the Kaiser as the head of the Empire. That had been plainly declared. What, above everything else, was demanded of Germany was that she should repudiate her Hohenzollern dynasty and take her place among the nations as a free, self-governing people; for a "people," it was assumed, when it takes government into its own hands, is always just, honorable, and trustworthy; while rulers alone are untrustworthy. Let the rulers and the military caste, therefore, be repudiated, and peace would be easily obtainable.

What nation, weary of a fruitless war, seeing its army, after a supreme effort to break through the enemy's reinforced lines, steadily and inevitably retreating, its territory about to be invaded, its cities bombarded and assaulted from the air,—what nation, I say, could be expected to miss such an opportunity to make a profitable peace?

Germany was too prudent to lose such a chance of advantage. The Kaiser's own appointed Imperial Chancellor, accountable only to him, therefore, asked for an armistice, in order that such a peace might be negotiated.

"Who are you, who ask for an armistice, with a view to peace, and whom do you represent?", was, in effect, demanded of the Imperial Chancellor. "Do you speak for the German people?"

The Imperial Chancellor was silent. How could he speak for the German people, with whom he had nothing to do, and to whom he was not responsible? The answer must be better staged.

It is a new officer, therefore, the representative of what poses as a new government, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who responds to the question intended for the Imperial Chancellor and writes for him a certificate of character.

"The present German Government," he declares, as if speaking by some new popular authority,—"the present Ger-

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man Government, which has undertaken the responsibility for this step toward peace, has been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag. The Chancellor, supported in all his actions by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people."

Thus, at last, the long silent "German people," the presumably just, honorable, and trustworthy German people, who were assumed not to be responsible for the war, but rather the victims of a false and shameless autocracy too infamous to be dealt with, have, it is made to appear, really spoken. They have spoken, however, only through the voice of a "great majority of the Reichstag,"—a body which from the beginning had with unanimity supported the war and all its atrocious procedure; a body which only for a moment found a voice with which to speak the mind of the people, and having been for that one moment indistinctly vocal, has since subsided into the silence of the grave! If the German Reichstag really represents the German people, why is it not, in this great emergency, at its post of duty now?

Germany, in this fateful hour, seems to prefer to have no responsible government. Is it because it is more difficult to hold accountable, and on that ground to condemn and punish, a nation without a responsible government than a nation which can be on specific charges indicted and arraigned for its past misdeeds?

Say what we will of the Kaiser's personal régime, it was at least one which, whether trustworthy or not, could be held accountable for its crimes. But the Kaiser's Government is alleged to be no longer in existence. In order that it might disappear, he was urged to abdicate. He professed to have done so, and went to Holland. Germany appeared satisfied, but the outside world demanded the evidence of his abdication; and it was not till three weeks after his retreat, that, in order to satisfy foreign demands, on the 29th of November, a document was finally signed by the alleged ex-Kaiser.

The reason for his withdrawal from Germany William II has himself frankly stated. "I go to Holland," he is reported to have declared, "in order to facilitate peace"; and no one has contradicted this statement of why he was going. The German people, it seems, when the Kaiser's armies were beaten in the field, suddenly wished him gone, sent forth, as

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it were, like the " scapegoat " of ancient times, into the wilderness, not because his people hated him or considered him an arch-criminal, not because they themselves wished to destroy him—as they had, and still have, an opportunity to do—but because it appeared that he might be laden with their sins, and his going with this burden would " facilitate peace " by consigning responsibility to the wilderness of oblivion.

And why was it supposed that his going would facilitate peace? Was it not because an irresponsible nation can demand easier terms than a responsible ruler?

The just, honorable, and trustworthy " people of Germany " seem to be pleading at the judgment bar of history, and preparing to say at the peace table: " We demand peace because we are an innocent and a defenseless people. First of all, we are a ' people,' and how can you punish a whole people? Has it not been said that there is something sacred and sacrosanct in a ' people '? You are trying 'to make the world safe for democracy.' We are now a democracy. See, we have dismissed the Kaiser! We shall have no more of him. Have mercy upon us, Kameraden! We accept all your glorious democratic principles. Now, undoubtedly, you are ready, since you would make the world safe for democracy, to make our democracy an asylum of safety for us! "

Here is a change of plan, but is there any change of heart behind these pretensions? Have all Germans, or most Germans, suddenly become Social Democrats, clamoring for a Socialist Republic? Where are all those millions of troops? Where are all those hundreds of thousands of officers, those Prussian generals who are said to have made the Kaiser declare war? Have they gone to Holland? Only a few of them. The vast majority, armed, organized, waiting for a word of command, are in Germany; and they are silent, as silent as the Reichstag. Why are they silent? They are silent because silence is the order of the day, a token of irresponsibility and acquiescence in a new order of things. They are waiting to see if an economic victory can be won. If it is won, they will have their reward. If it is not won, they will, perhaps, have something to say in the future when the peace has been concluded, and is yet to be executed, when the Allied armies are demobilized, and when the rest of Europe has gone to sleep.

There was, before the armistice, no serious revolution in

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Germany. There has been hunger, there has been weariness, there has been joy at the cessation of battle, there has been a vision of peace, of comfort and tranquility. There has been also an emergence of Bolshevism, the weapon which Germany skillfully forged and thrust into the vitals of Russia; but Germany expects to receive no serious wound from this weapon. There is no clear evidence of change in Germany, no movement beyond street fights and bread mobs, such as may occur in any city when the conditions of life are hard and when the passions of low-browed men are for a time let loose. The Councils of Workmen and Soldiers solemnly infest the Herrenhaus under the protection of a machine-gun; but the generals know that at any moment in Germany they could make short work of all this assemblage of the rags and tatters of Bolshevism. But the time is not opportune. The disease of Bolshevism, in so far as it is a social malady, may safely be permitted in Germany to run its course. It illustrates to the middle-class what the dangers of democracy may be. It shows to the world how wide the infection may become, if peace is not quickly made. It presents to the Allies the puzzling problem how to obtain redress from a people who disavow accountability and are too broken and disorganized to enforce the duties of a responsible state.

How real is a revolution when the domestic courts are in session, when the bureaucracy is administering affairs, and when life and property are not in great immediate peril? The Germans are an exceptionally orderly people. Their demonstrations are customarily innocuous. Their habits of life are prudent. Their burghers are not stricken with poverty, and their proprietors, accustomed to the use of arms, are able to guard, and are determined to defend, their own material interests. When a real revolution appears, if it does appear, they will unite their forces and rally to their own protection. What they wish at present to exhibit to their conquerors is a starving population incapable of bearing new burdens, an unsettled public order that may prove a contagion to their neighbors, an effort for democracy that will be an apology for the past, and above all a situation which will excite the sympathy of the credulous and the support of class interests of a revolutionary temper in the population of those countries which they would represent as their oppressors for capitalistic gain.

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You wish the evidence of this? Then listen to the speech of Hindenburg to his army, on November 13th at the moment when he had decided that it was an economic rather than a military victory for which Germany was to look. Does he pretend that he or they had fought under merely autocratic orders? Does he confess that the course of Germany was wrong? Does he call for a change of heart, or merely for a change of policy? He says:

"Germany up to today has used her arms with honour. In hard fighting the soldiers have held the enemy away from the German frontier in order to save the Fatherland from the horrors of war. In view of our enemies' increasing numbers and the collapse of our allies and our economic difficulties, our Government was resolved to accept the hard terms of the armistice; but we leave the fight, in which for more than four years we have resisted a world of enemies, proudly and with heads erect."

If we turn to what calls itself a government of democracy, what do we hear from the alleged Premier, Ebert, when he welcomes the troops coming home to Beriin? Does he repudiate the purpose of the war? Does he inform the returning soldiers that they have made useless sacrifices, or have been engaged in an unworthy cause, at the command of an autocracy in whose downfall they should rejoice? Tens of thousands of men march by still bearing their arms, filing between other tens of thousands of people who are supposed to have made a revolution, who welcome them as joyful spectators, the troops laden with garlands, as they tramp on to the loud blare of bands of music intoning, "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.*"

"Your deeds and sacrifices," the Premier declares, "are unexampled. No enemy overcame you. Only when the preponderance of our opponents in men and material grew ever heavier did we abandon the struggle.

"You endured indescribable sufferings, accomplished incomparable deeds, and gave, year after year, proofs of your unmistakable courage. You protected the homeland from invasions, sheltered your wives, children, and parents from flames and slaughter and preserved the nation's workshops and fields from devastation.

"With deepest emotion the homeland thanks you. You can return with heads erect. Never have men done or suffered more than you."

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Is this a proclamation of democracy? Is the world to be "made safe" by this adulation of a career of national crime? What can be said after this to the heroes who are told that in serving the Kaiser they were nobly defending the Fatherland, if for this glorious service they are asked to toil in the fields and the workshops to pay for the damage they have done to Belgium, to France, to Poland, and to other lands which they have, without just cause, ruthlessly invaded and cruelly devastated? Can they be urged to make reparation? Or will they think it unjust that, having suffered so much in a cause so noble, they must be treated as if they were the perpetrators of outrages for which they, their children, and their children's children must be held accountable?

Here is no note of penitence or contrition. It is the same Germany, speaking with the voice of Hindenburg and Ebert, which accepted the Kaiser as its glorious War Lord, that believed, or professed to believe, in the divine right of conquest, and threatened innocent nations with the extortion of enormous indemnities, covering not only the total cost of their exploits but sufficient to enrich the nation and render it the most opulent in the world.

The attitude of Germany in accepting just conditions of peace, will be the test of the character of the German people with whom in the future other nations must live and deal. The first necessity to a recognition of reformation is the disposition to repay, in so far as that is possible, at whatever sacrifice, the damage they have inflicted. If exemption from this obligation is claimed on the ground of irresponsibility, it will imply a degradation of character as deep as that evinced by the predatory enterprise in which all Germany was to profit by collecting the costs of the war from its innocent victims.

Without reparation for the injuries inflicted, there can be no real peace. The example of such an unpunished exploit would remain as an encouragement to future crime.

Will the German people, whose sense of justice, honor, and moral obligation is soon to be put to a crucial test, voluntarily accept the burdens which a just peace will impose upon them? If not, what confidence can be placed in the proposal to make the world safe for democracy, and what will be the world's judgment upon the ethical standards of democracy itself? We shall soon learn from the conduct of Germany, now speaking only through a mask of democracy,

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whether or not we are to ascribe all the enormities of the war to the depravity and malevolence of her rulers, against whom, until the moment of defeat, the people offered no protest; and whether or not a people, left free to express its own character, will accept the burdens of an act of justice.

On account of the Great War, in which their duty rendered it necessary that they should participate, the people of the United States of America have not only freely offered to the cause of justice the lives of tens of thousands of their sons, but have paid, or will have paid, probably over thirty billion dollars, which they have not yet demanded should be returned to them. The whole expenditure of the war, by the Allies, considered merely as a matter of monetary sacrifice, is said to exceed two hundred billion dollars; and yet this gigantic sum, which it will require generations to make good, is one of the least and one of the most easily repaired of the damages inflicted by this assault upon humanity.

The manufacturing plants of Germany are practically intact, and their escape from devastation affords the Germans every advantage over their neighbors in the resumption of their normal industries. The loss of man-power through death and mutilation may amount approximately to three or four million men, but this loss will probably be made good to the extent of at least one half by the growth of population during the period of nearly five years from the beginning of the war to the conclusion of peace.

The greatest hardship for the Germans will be the deficiency of raw materials for manufacture; such as cotton, wool, copper, iron, rubber, and many others. They will doubtless plead for these at the peace table as absolutely essential to them. If they were wholly withheld, it would, of course, be impossible for the Germans to pay any indemnities, because they can only pay to the extent to which they are able to earn the means of payment. This is so obvious that it will probably be strongly urged upon the Allies, in order to procure the means to facilitate Germany's economic rehabilitation. "You must either excuse us from all payments of indemnities," it will no doubt be pleaded, "or you must grant us a full supply of the raw materials to which we may give value by our skill and workmanship, in order that we may sell them at prices which will enable us to live and at the same time create an increment of value for your benefit."

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If, however, this argument should prevail, its inevitable consequence should not be overlooked. If raw materials are furnished to the extent of Germany's demand, German manufactures will at once obtain an immense acceleration, German goods will flood every market, and the less favored countries will be driven out of the world's marts by an excess of German production and German methods of commercial exploitation. It would not require many years for Germany, with these advantages, even though promising the payment of heavy money indemnities, to have so taken possession of the world's markets as to make the arrangement a profitable bargain. While the Belgians and the French were slowly recovering their productive capacity by a restoration of their ruined industrial plants, Germany would completely forestall them in securing foreign trade. Such a programme would, in effect, be the formation of a partnership in which, to secure a portion of Germany's gains in the form of an indemnity, they would surrender to her the conduct of foreign business, while they themselves were engaged in merely recovering to some extent the productive efficiency of which Germany's invasion had deprived them.

To appreciate the full significance of such an arrangement, it is necessary to consider that, while Germany's manufacturing plants have not been in any way impaired, and are ready to begin operation, those of Belgium and Northwestern France have been practically destroyed. It is reported that 26,000 factories in the French districts occupied by the Germans are either wholly demolished or stripped of their machinery; which, with the looms and other portable means of industry of Belgium, has been carried into Germany. Thousands of square miles of rich agricultural land have been so deeply plowed with shells as to be utterly unfit for cultivation. Houses and public edifices have been left in ruins and can be replaced only by years of labor. Valuable mines have been rendered useless, and it will require both time and expense to restore them. It would be unjust, even though the money value of all these objects were eventually paid in cash, to impose upon the inhabitants of these devastated countries the concentration of all their skill and labor upon the work of reconstruction while those who had destroyed them were profiting by expanding their own world-wide trade. At the end of the period when the restoration was complete, the money paid would have been spent in the

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work of reconstruction, and these unfortunate countries, having in the meantime devoted their energies entirely to this task of restoration, would be no better off than they were when the war began, while German industry and trade domination would in the meantime have been definitely and perhaps permanently established.

The remedy which justice would seem to demand is evident. Whatever of value has been carried into Germany should be immediately brought back and replaced. The reconstruction of houses, factories, and other edifices should then be speedily brought to completion by German workmen at Germany's expense, aided by those natives who for the time being have no other employment, all their labor to be paid for by Germany. In so far as the German shipyards can replace the tonnage destroyed, they should be at once employed for the purpose; and only such ships should be allowed for German trade as may be necessary for the distribution of Germany's just proportion of overseas commerce. The other forms of indemnity would not be cancelled by this process of restoration; but the liquidation of these obligations might be ultimately accomplished by the saving of all expense for military purposes beyond mere domestic police duty in Germany, by special import licenses on German goods, and by the appropriation of a percentage of the profits of Germany's coal and potash mines.

This would be undoubtedly a heavy burden for a conquered people to bear; but it is less than it was the German purpose to impose upon the innocent victims of their imperial schemes of conquest.

Has the alleged German democracy any intention gracefully to accept such obligations?

It will be noted that under the fourteen rubrics of peace proposed by the President of the United States, reparation and indemnity are not included. "Belgium," the seventh rubric declares, "the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored;" but the restoration here referred to, as the following words imply, seems to relate to "the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with other free nations," while no mention is made of the reparation of material damages.

Under the eighth rubric it is proposed that "All French territory should be freed, and the invaded portions restored"; but the implication here appears to be the same as

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that under the seventh rubric. In both cases it is the restoration of territory, not reparation that is specified.

Will the German representatives at the Peace Congress frankly admit Germany's responsibility for the injuries inflicted and offer to repair them as justice requires them to do; or will they plead that the " terms " suggested by these fourteen rubrics are the only terms that were accepted, and that the imposition of others is a breach of faith?

The truth is that, in a military sense, Germany was defeated. Her generals have admitted that it was useless to continue the fight. Had no basis of settlement been proposed, the alternative to the invasion of Germany by the Allies and an allied victory proclaimed at Berlin would have been an immediate unconditional surrender. The terms of the peace would then have been the conditions to be laid down by the conquerors. They probably will be thus laid down, even as it is. But who will deny that there would have been a clearer case for the conditions which the Allies must in justice impose, and less opportunity for a plea that only the fourteen rubrics should be discussed and Germany's interpretation of their meaning considered, if the surrender were in no way connected with the alleged " terms " which both belligerents are assumed to have accepted?

As the case stands, Germany will undoubtedly voice her interpretation of those " terms " at the peace congress, and will insist that they be regarded in their entirety as a body of conditions, each involving the others. It will, no doubt, be claimed that the five advantages to Germany referred to near the beginning of this article, should be accorded to her; and that conditions not mentioned under any of the rubrics be not applied. It will also be urged that conditions ought not to be made more burdensome for a new popular régime in Germany than were contemplated at the time the armistice was signed and the alleged " terms " accepted, while the Kaiser's culpable Government was still in command.

All these claims and pleas will prove unavailing, for the reason that they are not just. What gives them plausibility is Germany's assertion that she was led to expect an advantageous peace on certain conditions, and that those conditions have now been fulfilled. The implied condition was, it is held, that a free people could receive better terms than a guilty autocracy. The specific conditions were contained in the fourteen rubrics. On these " terms " a nation that

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still takes pride in the cause for which its armies fought, that abandoned the struggle only because its force was exhausted, and that has made no apology for a crime in which it participated, now demands to be received as an equal partner in an international order yet to be established; if, indeed, any "general association of nations" can ever be formed which will "guarantee" the conditions which these rubrics suggest.

All this does not destroy, and it should not obscure, the demands of justice to the nations that have suffered invasion and devastation at the hands of Germany. The whole scheme of the rubrics may have been an error. If it has really deceived Germany, or if its application should leave the injured without redress, it was, indeed, morally and diplomatically a mistake. The demands of justice, however, remain unshaken. There can be no binding agreement to do wrong or to escape doing what is right. The alleged terms of peace may have to be interpreted again and again; but, wholly irrespective of any interpretation, reparation by Germany should be made in Belgium and France, not to mention other devastated countries, or the coming peace will be as wicked as the war.

This reparation, apparently, Germany does not intend to make, unless forced to do so.

"No State," says Maximilian Harden, who now assumes the rôle of interpreter of the Germany of which he has long dreamed,—"no State that was snatched along into this flood of the Deluge can expect other indemnity than those which can be effected by thrift and savings"; which, he makes clear, must be the effort of each people for itself. There are to be, then, no indemnities paid by Germany. "Taxes and customs duties," he says, "that would yield even the interest on the tens of billions of debt would necessarily paralyze trade and industry in competition with America, Australia, and the Yellow World; would necessarily grind to bits the idea of private property. . . . What then shall happen? Something that has never happened before. . . . Let Europe's war debt become a treasure of atonement. Let the war loan certificates of all the European States that have participated in this war . . . serve as legal tender, guaranteed by all debtors; a form of money which in every land that is subject to the jurisdiction of the arbitration court must be accepted in payment in any transaction and by any creditor at its full face value!"

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Thus all the national war debts, Germany's included, it is proposed, should be pooled in one great "peace fund" and placed under a central control to prevent the outbreak of future war! "The court of the nations," so runs the scheme,—"serves as trustee of the treasure, and sets aside therefrom in equal parts out of the certificates of indebtedness of all the States what it needs for itself and its militia. It may punish disobedience of its judgments in the case of any individual State by means of a money penalty, declaring valueless all the circulating certificates of that State, calling them in, or destroying them, in the case of any State that breaks the peace without previously being itself bodily and vitally threatened. Here," this writer continues, "is where a community of European citizenship beckons us. Thus the Continent would be delivered from its money stringency; . . . thus it would gently be obliged to bury quickly and deeply the useless reminders of futile conflict."

It is time for Germany, if she would ever regain the respect of mankind, to dismiss such fantastic illusions as these, and to take up the burden of national responsibility in a serious sense. Let her, first of all, establish a government that will admit the responsibility of the nation for the past, and with which it is possible to deal. Then let that government assume and enforce those obligations which a just peace will certainly impose upon the German nation; not forgetting that the greatest possible calamity to mankind would be to write into the Law of Nations, by absolving the German people from complicity in a national crime, the ruinous principle that a "people" is not responsible for the government it supports, and that it may therefore exempt itself from merited punishment by merely changing its form of government.

Has Germany the character to stand this test? When she has proved her ability to do so, then, and only then, can there be a possibility, when years of fidelity have established her good faith, of admitting her to a place in a League of Nations. If those who are gathering to conclude peace now cannot enforce that judgment, then it is more than futile to hope to enforce such a judgment in the future; for the contingencies of a future in which so great a crime was left unpunished would be simply appalling to contemplate.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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THE BRITISH LABOR OUTLOOK

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE war caught British Industrialism on the very verge of a crisis that had long been maturing. The previous five years had seen a formidable and pervasive outburst of labor unrest. In a sense there was something paradoxical in the fact that labor should be most dissatisfied precisely at a time when Parliament was most studious of its supposed interests, and when the national conscience was most keenly alive to and most eagerly bent on remedying social and economic injustices and inequalities. Between 1906 and 1911 more Acts had been conceived and passed for the benefit of the working classes than in any previous half-century of British history. Labor had secured a powerful and presumably authoritative representation in the House of Commons. The "social question" had stepped into the forefront of British politics. There never was a time, I suppose, when the will of the country was more resolutely set on securing a square deal all round.

And along with this there had gone on a seemingly progressive development of the idea that strikes and lockouts were relics of a barbarous and outworn past and that it was to everybody's interest that industrial disputes should be settled by give-and-take agreements. Eight or nine years ago a good many Englishmen might well have persuaded themselves that industrial warfare of the old type was approaching extinction.

With the railway strike of August, 1911, came a change that seemed to infect the very atmosphere of industrialism. New forces, a new spirit, were apparently liberated by that great convulsion. Since then and up to the outbreak of the war Capital and Labor in Great Britain knew hardly an hour of real peace. The intervening years

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witnessed some sinister developments. They saw not merely the resurrection of the strike but its vast extension. A strike formerly, and as a rule, was confined to a single section of a single industry, and was directed against a single employer. The other sections in the same industry, or the same sections working for other employers, were neither dragged into the struggle nor felt any call to participate in it. It was, in short, a localized affair.

But between 1911 and 1914 we saw men, admittedly with no grievances at all, leaving their work and throwing down their tools in order to show their sympathy with their fellow-laborers who had struck for some definite cause. We saw strikes not of sections or groups but of whole industries. We saw the principle enforced that no one section or group could return to work until all sections and groups had been satisfied.

Side by side with this phenomenon was another equally conspicuous—the rebelliousness of the workingmen against their own Trade Union officials. We repeatedly saw strikes initiated against the advice of the men's recognized and freely-chosen leaders. We saw terms of settlement arranged by these leaders and then rejected by their followers. We saw agreements between employers and employed broken by the latter at the shortest notice and in spite of the protests of their appointed representatives. We saw employers placed in the curious—two decades earlier it would have been the incredible—position of backing up the Trade Unions against their own members. We saw the rapid supersession of the older and more cautious and conciliatory type of Trade Union leader. We saw the principle of collective bargaining —which was and is the very essence of Trade Unionism—in peril of perishing amid a wreck of broken agreements and repudiated officials.

We saw also that the Trade Unions themselves were being converted more and more into political agencies worked by an energetic Socialist minority. We saw many signs that Labor was turning from Parliamentary propaganda to "direct action," and that its leadership was passing under the control of hot-headed revolutionaries who were revamping the Marxian idea of social reconstruction by a cataclysm, and in whose hands Trade Unions were merely useful as the instruments of a forcible overthrow. Both in the railway strike in 1911 and the coal strike of the succeeding year

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nothing was more marked than the impotence of the Labor M. P.'s. In neither case did they originate the agitation; in neither case did they prove able either to guide or restrain it. In both cases it was the work of men who were against the whole policy of Labor representation in Parliament and who believed that for the workingmen there is only one really effective weapon—the universal strike. Labor, in short, had broken loose. It was attacking not only Capital and the community but Trade Unionism itself; and its actions in general were governed by a bitterness of enmity and suspicion towards employers as a class that foreboded an explosion hardly to be distinguished from civil war.

The irony of the situation would have struck with mournful force the early leaders of the Trade Union movement. In the half century preceding the war Trade Unions had circumvented two powerful obstacles that the first pioneers must have thought insuperable. They used to be illegal. They are now, if anything, as much above the law as they were formerly below it. Certainly, although their position in the eyes of the Courts is still full of anomalies and no one can say with precision how far they are, or are not, corporations, or individuals, or partnerships between a number of individuals, they enjoy some legal privileges such as no other associations can show. And not only have they forced recognition and more than ample safeguards for themselves from Parliament and public opinion, but they have also, after a generation and more of fierce struggle, established themselves in nearly every industry in the country. Just before the war in all the leading British trades, except the railway industry, Trade Unions were recognized, and the fight for the "open shop" was as good as over.

What is more, British employers of late years had been finding out how much easier it was for them to deal with a strong and responsible Trade Union than with a multitude of individual employees. And Trade Unions in Great Britain, taking them as a whole, are both strong and responsible. They are managed by men of experience and caution; they have amassed very large funds; they are opposed to unnecessary strikes and to violence of all kinds; they are in the main pacific and conservative organizations, with a far stronger inclination towards bargaining with employers than towards fighting them. The men who started the movement in the dark days of Victorian industrialism, could they in

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1910 have surveyed the power and accumulated wealth and membership of the organizations and have noted the practical and in general the conciliatory spirit that animated them, would have felt that their early uphill exertions had been almost miraculously rewarded.

But had they renewed their observations a year or two later they would have realized that the prospect was not as fair as it seemed. The Trade Unions had still one opponent left to overcome, the most formidable, perhaps, of all, an opponent in their own household—the very men, in other words, on whose behalf they had been called into being. What had given Trade Unionism its vitality was its power as the representative of the workers of arranging terms with employers to include masses of men and to cover the conditions of an entire industry. But what if the Trade Unions proved unable to enforce these terms upon their own members? For that precisely in the four years preceding the war was what was happening with increasing frequency throughout Great Britain.

The causes of this indiscipline inside the ranks of the Trade Unions had many and diverse roots. In part they sprang from the fact that while the men remained individuals —and exceedingly human ones at that—with their interests mainly centered in their own immediate industrial conditions, the effective trade organization of to-day is no longer the local branch, is no longer even the Trade Union itself, but is the Federation, composed of all the Trade Unions that are engaged in the same industry. The heads of these bodies are exceedingly busy men, as hard to get at as a Cabinet Minister, and the average working man feels himself almost as remote from them as from his employer. Moreover when a Trade Union Federation on the one side and an Employers' Federation on the other meet to negotiate the terms of a settlement, the process is apt to be as formal and protracted as though two Government officers or two nations were drawing up an agreement; and when the settlement that is finally reached applies to a whole industry, it must frequently and inevitably ignore local and minor grievances, and give rise to the suspicion that the interests of one section or of one trade are being sacrificed to other constituents of the Federation.

Again, it is highly doubtful whether the mass of working men have by any means assimilated the doctrine of industrial

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peace preached at them by their leaders; while the leaders themselves, and especially those of a Socialist turn of mind, or who are, or hope to be, in Parliament, unquestionably look upon the Trade Unions less as industrial organizations than as an effective and wealthy machine for securing and maintaining Labor representation in the House of Commons. One must always, too, remember that there are few bitternesses in the world which equal that of the working man towards his former mate who has been elected to Parliament and become a "prominent personage" with £400 a year and a new environment and interests; and the higher he rises, and especially if he reaches a Cabinet position, the bitterness develops into a positive anguish of jealousy and suspicion. There are no leaders whom the working men turn so readily against as those of their own class; and this undoubtedly is one of the reasons why Trade Union leaders since they have taken to politics have steadily lost their hold over those who joined the movement for industrial and social purposes, to advance wages, to put themselves on a negotiating equality with the employers, and to safeguard themselves against sickness and unemployment.

The middle-aged Trade Union leader of to-day, moreover, while a man of limited vision and with little sense of complex play of social forces or international politics, is not a faddist, has developed through actual experience of life and affairs a sturdy practicality, and is as free from "isms" as any man can be who is forced from time to time to descend to the insincerities of public life. But the younger men of the rank and file, with quicker minds but less balance, more pushing and restless, educated up to the point where they can rarely think rightly for themselves and yet resent the advice or guidance of the men who know, have developed in the last twenty years a very decided "class-consciousness" and have embraced with remarkable avidity the theories and formulæ of Continental Socialism. The British working man discovered Marx just when their German and French "comrades" had begun to outgrow him; and his abstractions have been the basis of most of the half-baked harangues and the perverted view of economics that have resounded from Labor platforms during the past decade and a half. The hubbub over Syndicalism and Collectivism and the Revolution and the bourgeoises and the proletariat has been far more widely spread in Great Britain

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than most people are aware; and it has resulted in the growth of a definite school of working-class opinion which aims avowedly at the overthrow of the " Capitalist system ", which regards property as robbery, which openly proclaims a " class war ", and which denies with passion that employers and employed ever have had or ever can have any interests in common.

This obstreperous ferment in the ranks was by no means the least of the difficulties that beset the Trade Union leaders before the war. Whenever an industrial dispute broke out they could always rely on finding an active and vocal minority among their nominal followers who were hotly against any settlement by compromise and ready at any moment to denounce the advocates of a peaceful and reasonable arrangement as traitors to the cause of Labor, men who had sold out to the Capitalists, and were using the funds of the Unions to bolster up a position in politics and society. The hot-heads were coming more and more to ridicule Parliamentary representation as mere play-acting. They showed in 1911 and 1912 that they had gone some distance towards perfecting the sympathetic strike. They were already fingering the trigger of the universal strike. Their whole point of view was utterly antagonistic to the authority and principles of Trade Unionism as Trade Unionism had hitherto been understood. It was no longer the employers who disputed those principles or resisted that authority. It was the Trade Unionists themselves. And when to these elements of instability and dissensions were added the wranglings and personal jealousies that afflict Trade Unions, as they afflict all other associations—the scramble for places, the tumult of underground intrigue and the rivalries among the leaders—it was clear that a gathering tension between Capital and Labor was complicated by an embittering and wholly unprecedented crisis within the fold of Trade Unionism itself.

The entire world of British industry was thus in August, 1914, like the entire world of British politics, in a thoroughly bad temper. Not an element was lacking to a comprehensive explosion. Many strikes were actually in progress; more were threatened or being prepared for; and had it not been for the war the autumn of four years ago would almost certainly have witnessed a civil convulsion of the first magnitude. That immeasurable catastrophe stilled as with a magic wand the fretful tumult that was hurrying our industrial

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system to a violent crisis. Beneath the compulsion of a common affliction all classes suddenly realized that they were Britons and as such bound to stand together and help one another and the nation through the storm. We were one people in a sense unknown within the recollection of any living man. Over four years have gone by since then and that noble mood of unity and exaltation has suffered a partial eclipse. But it has never completely passed away. There have been some breaches of the industrial truce, some strikes that should never have occurred. But on the whole the steadfastness, the loyalty, the general willingness of British workers under the test of war and the unwonted and irritating discipline of State control have made a proud record. One can say without hesitation that no class, as a class, has been called upon to sacrifice so much or has obeyed the summons with such alacrity and good-will.

Those who were unfamiliar with the conditions of modern industry thought it a small thing that all Trade Union regulations and customs which prevented the maximum output should be swept away. It was on the contrary a very big thing. For these ordinances and privileges represented the fruits of a struggle prolonged through two whole generations of working-class effort. In the collective mind of Labor they stood for a charter of industrial liberty more precious than any Act of Parliament or than any of the Constitutional guarantees of freedom. They entered the daily life of the worker far more intimately than any external authority; they defined the conditions under which he earned his livelihood; there was scarcely one of them that was not a concession wrested from employers by the determination of Labor. And this vast network of rules and agreements, usages and customs, was far more extensive than is usually realized. To give some idea of it I do not think I can do better than reproduce Mr. Sidney Webb's description of its ramifications.

It embraced, then, not only the standard rates of wages, and the length of the normal working day, together with the arrangements for over-time, night-work, Sunday duty, meal-times, and holidays, but also the exact classes of operatives (apprenticed or skilled, semi-skilled or unskilled, laborers or women) to be engaged, or not to be engaged, for various kinds of work, upon particular processes, or with difficult types of machines; whether non-unionists should be employed

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at all; what processes should be employed for particular tasks; what machines should be used for particular jobs; how the machines should be placed in relation to each other, and the speed at which they should be worked; whether one operative should complete a whole job, or attend only to one machine, or form part of a team of specialized operatives each doing a different process; what wages, if any, should be paid in the intervals between jobs, or whilst waiting for material, and what notice of termination of engagement should be given; whether boys or girls or young persons should be employed at all, or on what processes or with what machines or in what proportion to the adult workmen; whether the remuneration should be by time or by the piece, and under what conditions, at what rates and with what allowances; and—perhaps, where it prevailed, most severely criticized of all, but by no means universally existing—what amount of output by each operative should be considered a fair day's work, not to be considerably exceeded under penalty of the serious displeasure of the workshop.

Upon this complicated code—the resultant for the most part of degrading enmities, suspicions and greeds—there burst the tornado of the war. It did not take very long to see that the new national interests, which demanded output before all things, were at odds with an industrial system that was neither worked nor framed to secure the utmost possible production. The clamorous needs of the war necessitated the extension or adaptation of factories, the introduction of new machinery, many changes of process, nothing less than a revolution in the relation of the operative to the machine, a great development of standardized and repetition work, and the importation of non-unionists, unapprenticed men, semi-skilled men, laborers, boys, even women and girls. To all these transformations the mass of Trade Union agreements and customs, regulating the conduct of industry, opposed a virtually impenetrable front. It was a question whether this network of rules and usages should be abandoned in toto or whether the nation should be hampered at every turn, and in fact crippled, in the prosecution of the war. The Unions were appealed to by the Government and at its request, and on the definite pledge that pre-war conditions should be restored on the conclusion of peace, agreed with splendid patriotism to suspend, while the struggle lasted, all practices and regulations that stood in the way of output.

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Mr. Sidney Webb is unquestionably right in saying that there has thus been compressed into the past four years a transformation in the organization of British industry that equals in scope and depth the revolution wrought in the four decades between 1780 and 1820. Factories and workshops have been turned inside out not only as regards buildings and machinery, but also as regards the hours of labor, meal-times, overtime, holidays, the methods and rates of pay, the conditions of engagement, suspension and dismissal, the fines and penalties, the relation of the operatives to the machines and of the various grades and classes of operatives to each other, and, above all, as regards the grades, classes, ages, trade and sex of the operatives employed. Processes of manufacture have been changed so as to enable work formerly done by skilled craftsmen to be done by women or laborers. New machinery has been brought in with the same object. Boys, women and unapprenticed men, employed in far greater proportions than ever before, have invaded the province of the skilled craftsman. Piece-work and the bonus system have been substituted for time wages, and that without any printed and collectively-ratified list of piece-work rates or any protection against cutting them down in the future. The hours of labor have been increased; production has been speeded up; all the customary understandings as to what constituted a fair day's work or as to the amount of time that should be spent on particular jobs have been abolished; and the rules, written or unwritten, that confined this and that kind of work to this and that Union, grade, group or sex have likewise lapsed.

It is, of course, the fact that the suspension of these Trade Union regulations and practices which stood in the way of output has frequently been more ample in appearance than in fact; that while the men's leaders and officials agreed to their disappearance for the duration of the war, the men themselves have repeatedly fought the battle over again from workshop to workshop; and that nowhere, perhaps, has a perfect freedom from hampering restrictions or an absolutely whole-hearted concentration on production been achieved. Nevertheless the advance in these directions all along the line has been so immense and has been brought about in so brief a time as to deserve the adjective revolutionary. A new industrial order intimately connected with the State at all points, has been established; its effect both upon employers

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and employed has been profound. Production has immeasurably increased while the number of skilled operatives has diminished. Employers have learned that in the past they always attached far too much importance to the labor-cost of their products and that high wages and large profits are not, as they used to think them, irreconcilable. It has been claimed and justly that experience has taught them the lessons that economists have long urged and the soundness of which practical men have long admitted—the lesson of the advantage of a large output, of production for a continuous demand, of standardization and long runs, of the use of automatic machinery for the separate production of each component part, of team-work and specialization among the operatives, of universalizing piece-work speed and of not grudging to the workers the higher earnings brought by piece-work effort. They have learned, too, that welfare work, canteen work, and shorter hours make for sympathy and that atmosphere of good-will which, when all is said and done, is the main factor in output; while the workers, who since the war have probably doubled their individual power of production, have been better paid, housed and cared-for than ever before and have realized that the highest possible wages in return for the greatest possible output is no bad foundation for an industrial system.

Now the whole of this beneficent revolution of Government, the employers and the Trade Unions are pledged hand and foot to undo. At the end of the war the nation is explicitly and unequivocally committed to restore things exactly as they were, to reinstate the regulations and practices which have been waived, to revert in all particulars of industrial procedure to pre-war conditions and usages. The guarantee to this effect admits of no doubt or quibble. It was given at the time of the initial negotiations with the Trade Unions; it was the *quid pro quo* offered them in return for the abrogation of the rules and customs that interfered with the output; it has been reaffirmed time and again with the utmost distinctness by Parliament and responsible Cabinet Ministers; it is a statutory undertaking, absolute and unconditional, and equally binding on all controlled employers, on all Trade Unions, and on the Government itself. But neither will it, nor can it, nor should it, ever be carried out. The thing is an impossibility. A pledge has been given that cannot under any circumstances be redeemed. That is a fact

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which all the interests concerned—they are coextensive with the nation—must first grasp and then adjust themselves to. There is no question about it being a fact. The only question is whether it will be honestly faced, and whether all men will make it their starting-point in approaching these vast and vital problems. "The old network of agreements and rules, customs and usages," a great authority has declared, "in so far as it has been suspended, would, if it could be restored, fit neither the new machines nor the new organization of the establishment, neither the new processes nor the new classes of operatives, neither the new intensity of production nor the new methods of remuneration."

One has only to work out some of the more obvious effects of a reversion to pre-war conditions to perceive that, whatever other solution of the problem may be practicable, this one at least is hopeless. It would mean driving out of a great many of the factories most of the women and unapprenticed men and non-unionists who have entered them; the scrapping of hundreds of millions of pounds of automatic machines or manning them with skilled engineers when a boy or a girl could do the work equally well; the abandonment of dilution, of any form of "scientific management," of piecework payments; and the reinstatement as a rule of industry of the individual limitation of output. The operatives who would lose their jobs would never stand it. The employers would most violently oppose it. The workers who would quickly find that "the restoration of pre-war conditions" meant also the restoration of pre-war rates of wages, would be not less hostile; and the country as a whole would be hamstrung in its efforts to make good the waste of the war and hold its own in a world of intensified competition. It seems to me, therefore, fundamental that Capital and Labor should at once set about the conclusion of a new treaty of peace on the basis of an open and mutual acknowledgment that the pledge of 1915 cannot and ought not to be fulfilled. To make a pretence of fulfilling it or to leave the matter an open issue would be almost equally pernicious. What has to be sought for is an entirely new adjustment of the industrial relationship.

Many suggestions have been thrown out as to the lines on which this adjustment should proceed. What is it that the workers want and should have? Security against unemployment; protection against the reduction of the standard

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rate of wages; the right to determine through their appointed officials the terms and conditions of their service; the right to strike; an improvement in their wages proportionate to the prosperity of the industry in which they are engaged; and the sense and spirit of co-partnership. What is it that the employers want and should have? Protection against all restrictions that limit or hinder output and the right to lock out. These on either side are the fundamentals and it will be the anxious task of industrial statesmanship to discover whether some common ground cannot be manufactured between them by launching such a programme of municipal and Governmental work as will reduce unemployment during the next decade to a minimum, by fixing a standard rate of wages in each industry and its equivalent in piece-work through the machinery of joint boards of employers and employed, by enforcing the universal recognition of Trade Unions, by establishing national councils in each industry that will draft a constitution for the internal economy of workshops, by forbidding the practice of limiting output and by vesting the employer with a complete freedom to employ such operatives on such processes and to instal such machinery as he thinks best.

These are herculean labors, only to be accomplished in an atmosphere of reason and good-will. And how far such an atmosphere exists it is very difficult to say. I believe that the average man to whatever class he belongs devoutly intends that the end of the military struggle shall not be followed by an outbreak of industrial war. The sentiment of the country, on that point, is, indeed, unmistakable. The better sort of employers, the better sort of Trade Union leaders, committees and Government Departments, economists without number, are all seeking the way to peace. Schemes of profit-sharing and of co-partnership, plans such as those embodied in the Whetley report for industrial government and reorganization, are being cogitated and discussed as never before. On the other hand the employer during the war has tasted freedom and the worker has tasted comparative affluence. The former is determined to remain if he can the master in his own works; the latter has had his appetite for the material things of life immensely strengthened. Both need to go to school to learn the essence of a rational relationship. The impetus that has been given to business on a big scale, the extreme probability that the

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Government will retain most of its control over such vital utilities as the mines and the railways, the certainty that huge industrial combinations are more and more to become the rule —all these are factors in the general situation. Politics, too, will have their say. With 8,000,000 new electors on the register, and the Labor Party throwing open its ranks to practically all wage-earners, whether manual or otherwise, and a deepening consciousness among working men that, if they choose, they can rule the State, the ground is prepared for many surprises.

But among these surprises I do not include a revolution, in spite of the fact that there is an undoubtedly revolutionary agitation at work in most of the centres of British industry and that the combination of vague yearnings, bad economics, and the stunning upheavals of these tremendous times, is one that feeds the spirit of destruction. The war has unquestionably stimulated all those factors of indiscipline and unrest within the ranks of Trade Unionism which, as I showed earlier in this article, had declared themselves before its outbreak. There are today several more or less organized movements that openly advocate revolution and the overthrow of the capitalist system and that war not less openly on the tenets and policies of official Unionism. The "Rank and File" movement is the most outspoken and formidable of these agitations and to its activities must be ascribed the great strike in the engineering trade of May, 1917. But on the whole the common-sense and the patriotism of the British working man—two very real qualities in his composition—may pretty safely be left to deal with the British counterparts of Russian Bolshevism. And there is this also to be remembered, that the exigencies of war have turned Great Britain into a nation of rentiers, that practically everybody has either invested or is dependent upon the sums which others have invested in Government securities, and that in this way there has been constructed against anarchy and the propaganda of violence a bulwark which will stand any strain. Many and grave are the perils and difficulties that will beset the process of reconstruction but they are not likely, in my judgment, to be complicated by anything even approaching a social or industrial cataclysm.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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RUSSIA LOOKS TO AMERICA

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE American has been the safest of all the conglomerate population of Russia since the Revolution. Everywhere I went in Russia I found things opening up for me and difficulties vanishing and favors springing in my path just because I was an American. I was not off the ship at Vladivostok before I encountered the good will my nationality was destined to call forth for me on every occasion. More as a language exercise than for any other reason, I had tabulated every article in my baggage in parallel columns of English and Russian. When the customs official came aboard, I showed him this list and my American passport. Astonishment at my frankness was followed by a keen appreciation of the humor of the situation and then by a genial recognition of my origin, and finally, although probably not good tactics in war time, he put his pasters on my bags without even unlocking them!

Russia has looked to America ever since she threw away her Tsar. Just why she has looked instinctively to us on her emergence from autocracy is not so easy for us to understand as it is for us to analyze our own reasons for sympathizing with Russia. For years we had watched with interest and deep feeling the struggle of the Russian people for freedom. For years we had looked upon the autocracy of the Tsar as a more cruel if not a more dangerous power than the autocracy of the Kaiser. The first Russian Revolution, therefore, was the most brilliant of those additions to the ranks of democracy which we as a nation have always hailed.

Russia has no single motive in looking to America—no motive so widespread and so generally held as our hatred of autocracy and our sympathy for the people who have thrown it off. Various factions look to us for various kinds of aid and understanding. Conservative Russians look to the

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United States as the model for their own republic. Others, a vast unlettered throng, have heard of America as a refuge for political exiles. Others, near the soil, think of us as the nation which started to send them their precious farming machinery but has not sent nearly enough. And still others, who have never heard of America at all, open a wide and hospitable heart to us because they have heard nothing against us.

Beyond these voluntary and spontaneous points of contact, however, we have made slight progress. For almost two years we have permitted benevolence to take the place of understanding, and there seems to be little disposition to change that course. Unless we do change it, unless we look long and frankly at the mistakes we have made, we shall continue to fail Russia in her need and in our opportunity. Fortunately, our mistakes have not been irreparable. We have not, for instance, been too hard with Russia. We have not cursed her and blamed her for her downfall. Neither have we been too sympathetic with her errors, for we have not recognized her new dictators and pardoned their faults. Our failure lies in our mental indolence, our unwillingness to gather patiently the facts in a situation such as the world has never known and then to draw our conclusions courageously and with discrimination. We have tried to apply obsolete political formulæ to the first full-fledged social revolution. The formulæ are not relevant, but we continue to apply them. We seize upon the advice or the credentials of some group that bears earmarks familiar to us without asking whether it is representative of Russia. We condemn everything which we do not understand, without trying patiently and with open mind to see whether it may have its value under the circumstances or whether it may be even more dangerous than our hasty conclusions have indicated.

We sent the Root mission to Russia to tell us that all was well when it was not. We sent a railroad commission to give orders to employees who were not in a mood to take orders. Russia was free now. Why should they take orders from anybody? We sent a Red Cross mission to Russia and dozens of Y. M. C. A. secretaries—all with the avowed intention of inducing Russia, to fight whether she would or could or no.

On their return, Mr. Root and Mr. Russell and Major General Scott and others expressed themselves before Con-

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gress as hopeful and confident and satisfied with the course of events in Russia. And yet less than a week after the mission left for home, there had been the bloody rioting of July in Petrograd. Less than a month after their return, the Moscow conference revealed the hopelessness of compromise between the extreme classs, a hopelessness which had long disillusioned many in Russia. Less than three months after their return, the Bolsheviki had seized the power and had begun negotiations for peace.

I was unable to understand what had been the trouble and so I took particular pains to retrace the paths the mission had travelled. Had these men actually seen the real conditions, the ominously evident cleavage of the class warfare and its dark significance for the future, and had they chosen to put another face on the picture for fear of discouraging America, scarcely under way at that time in her participation in the war? Or had they submitted themselves to be led around among the exhibits in the museum of Revolutionary Russia, seeing just what their guides wished them to see, consorting with their kind in the cities and ignoring the vast mass of the Russian people? I tried to believe the former, for although it was a mistaken course, it was a mistake that men might easily make. But gradually I was forced to the latter explanation. A few of the educated classes had heard Mr. Root speak and had read his cordial addresses in the newspapers. Aside from this gentlemanly interest in the mission, though, its members might as well have saved themselves a long trip, for they and the forces toward which power was inevitably gravitating in Russia never came to grips with each other. They did not see all those who represented the various classes in the Russian struggle. An Associated Press correspondent in Petrograd from the beginning of the war until recently told me how Baron Rosen, former ambassador from Russia to the United States and an unselfish worker in the Revolution, had tried again and again without success to warn the mission of impending disaster if the Allies did not adopt a more substantially sympathetic policy toward the new Russia.

Whatever opportunity might have existed to forestall the triumph of the proletarian tyranny, that opportunity was lost in the failure to recognize the Russian Revolution as essentially a class conflict. The Revolution began under Miliukoff as a political revolution, merely the substitution of

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one form of government for another. But within a month after the Tsar had abdicated, the upheaval had become a social revolution, the struggle of class against class, of Labor against Capital, preached by the Radicals and the Syndicalists and the Anarchists all over the world for the last seventy-five years. Through the days of Kerensky it was nothing but that under a thin disguise. Today it is still that, and the Bolsheviki are interested first of all and last of all in the class conflict, the supremacy of the proletariat of all lands. If their course has seemed to be pro-German, it has been because a German advantage resulted from their determination to continue the class struggle in the face of a world at war. If the peace of Brest-Litovsk seemed like a German peace and a betrayal of Russia by her representatives, it must be remembered that the Bolsheviki know that their proletarian republic can not live unless the class struggle spreads. Their willingness to dicker with Germany was part of their scheme to spread the social revolution.

Failure to recognize these facts has been the undoing of most of the American attempts to reach an understanding with Russia. Our Ambassador, David R. Francis, is shrewd and determined and gifted with common sense, but he looks on the Russian controversy in political instead of in social terms.

I went out from Petrograd to Vologda to see Mr. Francis early in March 1918, ten days after all the embassies had fled from the panic-stricken capital. The story of how a new diplomatic citadel had been founded is one of the few pieces of vital and constructive action in our relationship with the new Russia and so I shall let Mr. Francis tell it in his own words.

"When the approach of the Germans made it unwise for the embassies to remain longer in Petrograd [said the Ambassador as he sat by the table in the library of the Vologda Club], I realized my responsibility as dean of the diplomatic corps, and so I called together all the representatives of the Allied Nations and I said to them:

"'Gentlemen, I for one don't propose to stay here and get caught like a rat in a trap, and I don't suppose you do, either. Now, here is what I plan to do, and I invite you all to stay with me and coöperate with me. I am going first to Vologda, four hundred miles east on the main line of the Trans-Siberian railroad. There I shall stay until the Germans advance and threaten my safety again. From there, if I have to move, I shall go to Viatka and from Viatka to Perm and from Perm to Yekaterinburg and so on across Siberia, step by step until I am forced to board an American ship at Vladivostok.'

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"The chargé d'affaires of the British Embassy was greatly disturbed, and the French and Italian ambassadors were equally horrified.

"'What!' they exclaimed, almost in one voice, 'you suggest that we go out of Russia by way of Siberia! Why, we'd be getting farther and farther away from home all the time!'

"'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I don't wish to dictate to you. Do whatever you think best. If you wish to come with me, you are welcome. I have no intention of letting anyone chase me out of this country except the Germans, and I shall remain on Russian soil if I have to move the American Embassy around on cart wheels!'"

The British and the French and the Italian Embassies and their staffs started off toward home across Finland. No one heard what had happened to them for weeks. They had simply vanished among the lakes in the No Man's Land between the Red and the White Guards of Finland's own social revolution. A month or two later, some of them managed to escape into Sweden, while others drifted back like belated prodigals to the court of the American Ambassador.

Meanwhile, the Chinese and Japanese Ambassadors, once well started eastward on the same train with the American Embassy, never stopped off at Vologda but cut for home by the straightest route. Two diplomats alone elected to remain in Russia with Mr. Francis. Two countries among all the Allied Nations were represented in addition to the United States. They were Brazil and Siam! The chargé d'affaires of the South American republic did not have enough money to go farther, and the minister from the strange kingdom in the South Seas did not know how to get home if he had wished to!

The day I arrived in Vologda, the Ambassador gave out to the Russian press the following statement, which was copied throughout Russia:

I shall not leave Russia until compelled by force. The American Government and people are too deeply interested in the prosperity of the Russian people for them to abandon Russia to the Germans. America is sincerely interested in the liberty of the Russian people and will do everything possible to safeguard the real interests of the country.

If the brave and patriotic Russian people will forget political differences for the time being and act resolutely and vigorously, they will be able to drive the enemy from their territory and by the end of 1918 bring a lasting peace for themselves and the whole world. America still counts itself an ally of the Russian people and we shall be ready to help, no matter what Government organizes a vigorous resistance to the German invasion.

Here again, with all its genuine sympathy, was the same misunderstanding of the social revolution as a mere political

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quarrel. Here again was the delusion in which most people outside Russia persisted—the delusion that Russia could fight once more if she wished to.

Russia *could not fight*. Her army of twenty millions had been scattered, her transportation system wrecked, her food supply depleted far below the civilian necessity. No man trusted any other man. Organization and morale were forgotten conceptions. The Russian had no illusions concerning the invader. He used the bomb and all the other weapons of terrorism on the Hohenzollern just as he did on the Romanoff. But he did not gather together again his scattered hosts to reconstitute a great Eastern front, simply because he could not.

The Russians made peace at Brest-Litovsk partly because they had a gun at their head and none in their hands and they had to, and partly because the Russian people had been clamoring for peace for over a year. The first Revolution was depicted for us in America as the result of a determination to wage the war more vigorously. That may have been the motive of Professor Miliukoff and his friends. But it was not the motive of the leaders of the social revolution which absorbed and swept aside the political revolution inside a month. The motive of these men, even the most moderate, was to bring peace to Russia just as soon as it could be brought honorably. In three years of war Russia had lost out of her effective manhood nearly three million killed and five million more hopelessly wounded or taken prisoner. The soldiers knew that the court back in the capital was disloyal. At the front they were withdrawn by their commanders from impregnable positions without a shot. The only reason they had ever gone to war was because the Tsar said they had to. For three years they knew nothing about the struggle for democracy, nothing about the rights of small nations, nothing about the purposes of their Allies. They simply felt that they had been sent out to do a dirty job, and they had sickened and tired of it. When they got rid of their Tsar, they saw no reason why they should not get rid of their Tsar's war, too, and they proceeded to do so without waiting for the order to demobilize.

One opportunity and only one lay open to the Allies in their project of keeping Russia effectively in the war. That was to retain the armies in the field, less rather than more active but holding an equal number of German divisions on

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the Eastern Front. The opinion of most Russians agrees that this might have been accomplished if prompt aid had come in the way of woefully needed supplies, if the Provisional Government and the Soviets had been vigorously supported, if the Constitutional Assembly and the land reforms had been hurried up instead of postponed, if Russia's pleas for a democratic statement of war aims had been heeded and if a personal propaganda explaining Allied war motives had been sent out over the country to meet the insidious propaganda from Germany. But instead of taking what lay within their reach and enlarging its scope as Russia found her feet again, the Allies demanded that Russia fight when there was no longer the will or the understanding or the ability to fight, and in making that demand they lost their opportunity to receive any service at all from Russia.

By November, 1917, even this single opportunity had passed. And yet as late as last March, on the advice of unofficial investigators from the Red Cross, President Wilson risked the dangerous appearance of recognizing the Bolshevik Government in the remote hope of inducing Russia to reject the peace terms. This is the message which he sent to the All Russia Congress of Soviets in session in Moscow to ratify the Brest-Litovsk treaty:

> May I not take advantage of the meeting of the Congress of the Soviets to express the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment when the German Power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole struggle for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purpose of the people of Russia. Although the Government of the United States is, unhappily, not now in a position to render the direct and effective aid it would wish to render, I beg to assure the people of Russia through the Congress that it will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration of her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.
>
> (Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

I shall never forget the wave of bitter disappointment that swept over Moscow the morning after the President's message was read to the Peace Congress. The message was not a recognition of the Bolsheviki, but it was the nearest approach to recognition which any nation except Germany had yet given. The depression extended through every class

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except the Bolsheviki themselves. Their leaders, however, pounced on the opening which the President's message had given them to thumb their nose once more at us and the entire world. Trotzky was at outs with the others just then, but someone else took his place and drafted this insolent reply to President Wilson's message in the form of a resolution which the Congress cheered and adopted:

> The All Russian Congress of Soviets expresses its appreciation to the American people and first of all to the laboring and exploited classes in the United States for the message sent by President Wilson to the Congress of the Soviets, in this time when the Russian Socialist Soviet Republic is living through most difficult trials.
>
> The Russian Republic uses the occasion of the message from President Wilson to express to all peoples who are dying and suffering from the horrors of this imperialistic war its warm sympathy and firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring masses in all Bourgeois countries will throw off the capitalist yoke and establish a Socialist state of society, which is the only one capable of assuring a permanent and just peace as well as the culture and well being of all who toil.

An able reply, a dignified reply, a reply even breathing certain social ideals. But fundamentally it was an appeal to the laboring men of America and the world to rise up and overthrow their Governments. In effect, the Russian proletariat said to Mr. Wilson: "We thank your working classes for the message you sent us. Please tell them we hope they will put you out of office and start a revolution against your Government."

From the very beginning, the Bolshevik Government has neither sought nor expected recognition from any other Government. It has kept aloof from all because it has foreseen that contact with any so-called "capitalist" Government would endanger its own syndicalist basis. Its idea of internal economics and of international relationships is utterly incompatible with the idea prevailing in the world today. Bolshevik Russia did not ask the assistance of the Allies against Germany, because it knew that its own régime would be the first to fall before any appreciable expeditionary force. It came to terms with Germany simply because it had to. The Peace Congress that ratified the Brest-Litovsk treaty proceeded to a consideration of the best means of violating it.

As long as the war lasted, the Russian Bolsheviki could hope to be ignored by the rest of the world. With the opening of the Baltic and the Black Sea, however, it will be

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possible to restore the broken contact with Russia. The test of our ability to deal with the Russian Revolution in a practical, intelligent, and far-seeing manner is at hand. What we choose to do with Russia, more than any of our other international engagements, will be the test of our vision.

It is hardly likely that we shall make the same mistakes with Russia that we have made already. But unless we analyze relentlessly the mistakes we have made, unless we seek patiently for the underlying misconceptions from which those mistakes proceeded, we shall be in danger of blundering on in much the same way as we have in the past. Most of all, we shall have to guard against the temptation of trying to make Russia conform to our ideas of governmental and industrial polity. Already, we are beseiged by refugees from the old privileged classes who are carrying on an open propaganda for the restoration of their former privileges. For many months we have been shut off from a rehearsal of the motives and the ideals of those who are opposed to reaction. Our ports have been closed to any Russian suspected of dissatisfaction with society as we have chosen to order it. Under the Espionage Act, our press and our public forum and our courts have dealt relentlessly with any such expression of dissatisfaction. We have heard one side only, and we are in danger of a natural inclination to continue to listen to that side to the exclusion of other salient convictions.

Even if we were in possession of all the conflicting viewpoints, however, the exact procedure in answering Russia's unspoken appeal to us would be very difficult to determine. The Bolsheviki and the other extreme elements who have subordinated the Russian Revolution to the social revolution prefer to have us keep our hands off completely, for they know that contact with us, as with anyone else, will seal their fate. The business men, the propertied class, the bourgeoise, would have America and the Allies send sufficient military forces into Russia to clear out the whole pack and parcel of Bolsheviki and socialists of every stripe and stamp, unmindful that the vast majority of the Russian population holds socialist beliefs of one kind or another. In between these two extremes is the long-suffering and patient educated class of Russia, the intelligentsia, with representatives in almost all of the so-called " parties." Giving freely of their best blood to further the cause of the Revolution in the old days, they now look with chagrin and heavy hearts upon the wreck that

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is Russia. They understand our protestations of sympathy, but somehow they can not understand why there is not something to do. And beyond them all is the silent Russian peasant, waiting, as he would wait for the judgment day, for the time when we can send him more of the ploughs and the harrows and the reapers that will make his acres yield.

In following the difficult path of discrimination we shall have to remember that Bolshevism is a strange mixture of class revenge and class tyranny together with fanatical remedies for a desperate state of society. Many of these remedies may in themselves be constructive if applied under favorable conditions, for they partake of the intuitive vision of the dreamer. There was a plan on paper in Petrograd shortly before the final demobilization of the army last winter which would have remade Russia in a year if it could have been carried out. Russia needs railroads. Russia needs railroads more than any country except the heart of Africa. Many of the lines run out like spokes from Moscow and Petrograd and lose themselves in the fields and forests. There are almost no connecting links. In order to correct this situation, the Bolshevik plan called for the transfer of the soldiers from the trenches to construction gangs. A military army was to be converted into an industrial army to build railroads for Russia. The fatal fault in these calculations lay in the determination of the soldier to go home the moment the army was demobilized. And so it has fared with almost all the other idealistic and constructive plans of the Bolsheviki. The good they have attempted has been impossible to accomplish under the conditions which brought them to power. Many of the evils of their régime have resulted from their will to retain that power. They are a symptom, not a cause, a symptom of disintegration and demoralization of all the forces in the Russian commonwealth.

Nevertheless, the Bolsheviki are still in a sense representative of Russia. By their prompt enactment of the land reforms which the peasants demanded, they have not only silenced that source of unrest but they have made these nine-tenths of the population their tacit supporters. No headway can be made by any Russian party or by any outsider against the Bolsheviki which does not assure the peasant of a solution of the land problem satisfactory to him. With equal jealousy the peasants and the workmen will guard their Soviet, for it is the only form of government with which the

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Russian has had any acquaintance and experience since the Tsar and the bureaucracy were discarded. It is the single constructive political contribution thus far of the Russian Revolution. Wherever it is possible, therefore, to restore order and remove the underlying cause of Bolshevism without disturbing the functions of the Soviet, it will be wise to respect that institution and see that it is made truly representative of all the elements of the population, not simply of the industrial proletariat or of those who happen to have arms in a given community and can thereby retain a fictitious majority in the councils of the district.

Whatever we do for Russia, we must not expect immediate payment. Russia has paid already in blood and treasure and sorrow for the new world we are making. For the sake of those sacrifices, for the sake of a freedom toward which she has richly contributed, for the restoration of order and safety in the fabric of civilization, we must give freely of our food and of our resources. More than that, we must give of our patience and our most unselfish thought. Not at the expense of concessions and privileges. We must give for the restoration of Russia as we have given for the restoration of France and of Belgium and of Serbia. And our reward will come richly in the gratitude and the confidence of a people closely akin to us in their passion for democracy and freedom.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

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IMMIGRATION IN RECONSTRUCTION

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

IT is a long way from immigration to Americanization—a journey the native-born has found quite as hard to make as the foreign-born. The chief regret as one looks back over the rough road is that there should have been so little philosophy to guide us, and that the sense of racial relationships has in the face of a great world war, remained so blurred at home. Some Americans are beginning to suspect that we deal far too much in investigations and surveys, the knowledge of which we never use; that we reject far more than we have learned to use of fine and subtle contributions to American life; that we tend to impose Americanism rather than to leave people to discover its excellencies; and that our methods are machine made rather than hand or heart made.

On any other ground it is difficult to understand how America has come through this war with no clearer a national policy; and with no sounder an international programme for the races resident here than is now apparent. No reconstruction programme thus far announced includes either immigration or Americanization; no international discussion more than suggests the world-wide migration of people which will soon begin from every quarter of the earth and which will cross and recross each other's lines for many years to come.

America today faces a situation unparalleled in its history. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants are clamoring to leave its shores, held back only by passport restrictions and food scarcity abroad. Whether these men will be replaced by others is unknown. The land that once held the imagination of all wanderers is now distanced by prospective republics and by South America and Canada. America also has become the base of many embryo republics engaged in manipulating and influencing affairs in their native country.

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The after the war problems of immigration are four:—To unite races in America, involving many varied racial relationships; to interest immigrants already here to remain, involving distribution, protection and education; to determine if America desires additional immigrants and upon what basis of selection, involving the manner of their rejection and of their reception and care; and to make inter-migration express America—involving equipping those who leave with the real spirit, achievement, courage and hope of America.

Is there any recognized authority in America that can state what America's attitude is on these problems? Is there a governmental, an industrial, an economic or an educational programme that can be said to cover them? Is there a united front on them so that any country interested in its own subjects here can intelligently and sincerely coöperate with America and if so, how and through what agencies? Is there any one central authority to which the cities and States can turn for guidance and inspiration so there may be some uniformity of principle as well as of procedure?

No subject is in greater need of having a definite policy and specific measures for expressing and putting into operation such a policy. In normal times the Federal responsibility, such as there is, is divided among eighteen separate bureaus in eight different departments. To this were added fourteen war emergency bodies operating through thirty-seven separate bureaus and committees—all without a central guiding principle and uncoördinated. The war has witnessed in no field a greater confusion of basic principles. The rights of free speech, of opportunity to be heard, of representation, of justice, have all been imperilled in the campaigns and action taken in the name of a one-language country, in the attitude toward a press in foreign languages, and in dealing with the property and other guaranteed rights of aliens. We shall doubtless need a restatement of the rights of men with especial reference to our immigrant fellow men before the guarantees of the Constitution are fully restored.

Taking these four fundamentals essential to a sound republic—that men shall be united; that they shall love and desire to stay in the country of their adoption and defend it; that they shall come to it attracted by its best traditions and opportunities and be guaranteed their realization; and that they shall go forth its champions and missionaries,—is there a policy or a procedure in America today that provides for

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these in unmistakable terms and that challenges any infringement of its terms?

The fact remains that never have the racial and nationalistic lines in America been so tightly drawn. It has been deemed necessary in order to win this war that every possible recognition be given to the racial groups in America. There are no less than 300 national racial societies with a known registration of 42,000 local branches. There are 85 nationalistic organizations, one alone including ten nationalities—working primarily for a united and independent native country. These organizations have 1146 foreign language papers not including 483 German papers, to express their point of view and urge their programmes. Twelve thousand steamship ticket agents, of which 80% are foreign-born act as private bankers and as notaries and perform other services which intensify solidarity. The Liberty Loan Committee, to sell bonds, had to recognize these groups and create foreign language committees. Foreign language battalions were created in training camps to facilitate the training of these groups under their own leaders. The Committee on Public Information created Bureaus of Information manned by foreign language leaders, and Councils of Defense in many places created special foreign language committees. It is inevitable that deeply interested as these racial groups are in conditions in their native country that there is a tendency to split America into embryo republics based on racial lines; to reflect here as it occurs there, the mighty battle now going on between the conservative and social revolutionary forces. There is seen everywhere the counterpart here of political differences and feuds there. Old world policies promise to be very much entangled with our own political differences. Remnants of nationalities here are attempting to dictate what the countrymen shall do at home and how those governments shall be run, through the foreign language press of America and through their powerful organizations.

America has but fragmentary knowledge of what is going on or of how this will affect its economic and industrial life. It consequently has no policy for dealing with the situation. It is a war legacy that may loom large as a problem affecting many countries in its final disposition. For the moment America is content with parades and meetings and selling Liberty bonds and war savings stamps and enlisting in the Red Cross and other agencies. These contribute little to the

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discovery of a unifying principle or point the way by which these races may live together in America. The entrance of America into internationalism is by no means only across the Atlantic. It is in every city in America that has a foreign-born population and of such there are 2300 communities.

We have not yet determined even the cardinal principle: Shall national action be repression or expression? The beginning of the new year will see many State legislatures attempting to deal with this situation so big in its international aspects that only confusion and racial irritation can possibly result.

I do not say that this situation creates a menace; the future racial relationships of the world are too blurred for any man to know. I do say, however, that the extent and the way in which America is to be used as a base for the manipulation of European politics in the newly-to-be-created republics as well as in the older monarchies; the relation of these embryo republics seething with influences from their native land and beset with appeals for help; and the degree to which racial solidarities develop here—are questions upon which America should have a clearly written policy and procedure. With 13,000,000 foreign-born people and one-third of its population having its roots in other lands and widely scattered over an immense territory loosely governed in many ways, America cannot afford to drift. Every nationalistic society knows where its colonies are in America, even when its headquarters are in Paris or Berne; America alone is unable to find them when it needs them. Demobilization will rescatter them and to America alone will they be temporarily lost.

There is no better proof of the racial divisions in America than the preparations being made by immigrants for leaving the country as soon as the passport regulations are lifted, the peace terms are known and food conditions abroad will permit. The estimates vary between one and three million. Whatever the number, today throughout the country men are saving money to return, ticket agents are doing a landslide business in reserving space, and steamship offices are thronged with men clamoring to go back. Strong appeals are being made to immigrants to go back and help rebuild the home land, and recognition in position and leadership are being held out. The half naked Slav in the steel mill

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dreams of the day when he will help direct the affairs of his nation, when with his savings, there reckoned as wealth, he will become a leader. And he dreams not in vain. To lose a million workers upon whom America depends to fulfill her obligations to countries abroad and to hold the lines in her basic industries is no small task. To exchange them for battle scarred and tired workers requires careful adjustment. To return the man with license replaced by liberty, with the sense of destruction replaced by the sense of construction, with revolution stilled by evolution in exchange for the lawless hordes now arising in Europe is no small responsibility. To handle this vast migration of peoples with the least possible loss of manpower, of waste of savings and resources, and of stability and purpose is worthy of America's best thought and effort and it has received but a passing thought from the numerous reconstruction bodies now in session.

America has no policy as to whether it will attempt to retain them and if so what the methods will be or whether it will bid them Godspeed, adding as much as possible to their equipment to help them in the new task. Every immigrant who goes back could have been made a missionary of the American spirit, an advocate of American business, a salesman of American goods, as well as a champion of democracy. Instead, the indifference and neglect with which they have been treated has given many no real love for the American brand of Democracy. Today, allies though they are, they are being exploited by steamship ticket agents who are selling them tickets on vessels whose sailings are unknown, and no provision is being made for their care at the seaports, where they may wait days if not weeks. They will arrive on the coast with their savings, with their faces turned eastward with the hope of seeing those from whom they have not heard during the war, and America will permit them to be exploited as they leave her just as she did when they first came to her. Every such tale told on the other side dims the glory of the Americans who fought in France.

These men and women will go back because of loyalty to the suffering home country, to see what has happened, to settle up family matters, to help the home country and to work out democratic ideals of government in a country free at last. They will be men of position and leadership in their home land. It is of vital and of great significance what America gives them to take back with them; and what their

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last impressions are. These depend primarily upon what their experience and life and treatment in this country have been.

This nation has no single policy which reaches all of its immigrants and which surely equips them to interpret America to their native homes; it has no official programme or organization for safeguarding them while here or of insuring a safe or sympathetic departure. It has none of the courtesy of a host; it has not the powers of a despot. If America were to decide tomorrow that she would make efforts to keep her immigrants and interest them in America, along what lines would she proceed? Americanization is the readiest answer, summed up in most people's minds by the teaching of English and the acquirement of citizenship papers. Valuable as these are as channels, they will not be enough to hold the immigrant nor to attract new ones. With the disbanding of war agencies and the taking off of war pressure, the country has still to find a unifying principle of race amalgamation and to find what it is that creates a voluntary allegiance to a new country. When the basic principles of Americanization are reached, they will not be the various campaigns for this or that thing that seems good for the moment. They will be identity of interest in the economic and social and political fields and we shall deal with questions like these:—

Can race superiority and prejudice be eliminated and all races be given recognition and an equal opportunity in America?

How can immigrants be given a land interest and a home stake to compete with the call of the soil of their native land?

How can the worker be given recognition and his talents be utilized and the discriminations in working and living conditions and handicaps be eliminated?

How can the distance between the guarantees of the Constitution and its practical application in the daily lives of men be shortened, and political ideals be fully realized?

Shall the immigrant who tries to buy a home continue to find himself the victim of a colonization scheme to sell sand flats or in the meshes of the installment plan? But one State in America now safeguards his savings in private banks.

Industrial demobilization as well as military demobilization present interesting immigration questions: Does America intend that the immigrant shall return to his colony and section and ghetto? Is the bunk-house on construction work

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and the overturned box car his future home? Does he continue a *dago* and a *wop?* Is he to be discriminated against in future employment? Will the foreign-born soldier return to the same footing in his family and in his town when he lays aside his uniform?

To these and a hundred other demobilization questions which affect particularly the foreign-born in America, there is no ready answer. These, too, are questions to which the world will await an answer. America must realize that in becoming a world Power and in deciding situations abroad, she opens the door to far greater interest, accountability and influence upon her affairs at home, especially when these involve many hundreds of thousands of subjects of foreign countries. How they shall be treated may no longer be her own affair. It concerns Europe vitally and may one say as consistently as America is concerned in how Europe treats its various nationalities.

Have we emerged from this war with a real international sense which we are willing to put to the following test: Shall immigration be considered only as a labor matter as in the past or does America recognize her dependence upon other races for elements of fusion and contributions of body, mind and spirit, essential to the future development of a great people and a great country?

America will not attract immigrants upon the old terms of ideals, jobs and wages. America will have the competition of countries eager for manpower and having as much to offer. Making democracy safe for the world relieves America of its monopoly and men will be able to realize in their own lands that which they once crossed the seas to find in America. Foreign countries by anti-emigration laws and other measures will endeavor to keep their manpower, they will direct it when they can to their colonies. Canada and South America have more to offer in adventure and lands and opportunities than America. This country also faces competition with the most frugalized and disciplined people of Europe and must teach thrift and lower cost production—a course not popular with a people used to lavish expenditure. Conditions today raise new questions as to how immigration may be best selected and how much of the revolutionary Bolsheviki element can be absorbed here. It is becoming clear that the old haphazard way of interesting immigrants to come here by leaving it to the enterprise of

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steamship companies, and of labor agencies, and to individuals to send for their countrymen will not suffice, if America believes that her future prosperity and power depend on not only immigration but immigration selected for her needs and satisfying her standards.

I am far from saying there has been no improvement in these conditions. Everywhere there is evidence of changing relationships. I am saying, however, that nowhere can men who are struggling with these questions find a guiding principle clearly enunciated in law and backed by authority. In Washington, Government bureaus nullify the work of each other; States contradict each other by statute, and organizations multiply, all bent upon some specific phase of work. Education lags while imposition grows; standards yield to expedients; and incentives are killed by repression. America's voice is not raised clearly against it; and few laws are enacted powerfully to counteract it. Men feeling these inequalities seek the great adventure in other lands.

America enters the international councils today with this equipment for dealing with its races in America:

An immigration law providing for the restriction or admission of aliens, based upon self-defense, governed by an economic point of view, and containing none of the broader principles of selection which the war has revealed. Will it be amended as becomes a world Power and possible member of a League of Nations, or will it remain the provincial expression of a people afraid of labor competition?

A naturalization law, whose citizenship does not protect the naturalized citizen in his native land; which imposes hardships in the name of standards, based on local geographical lines; and which is an antiquated instrument in its expression of the dignity and requirements of citizenship, as well as in its cumbersome and unstandardized methods of operation. Many injustices, like withholding the opportunity to earn a living, are committed in its name, and many a privilege is entrenched along with its democracy. Shall it be amended to give international citizenship which shall be good the world over and having but one meaning and standard at home?

State laws dealing with the most intricate questions of nationality exhibit contradictions and inequalities. In one State men were forbidden to pray in a foreign language; in another aliens may not be employed as barbers; in another

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aliens may not own a dog; in nine States men with first papers can vote. There are indications that the legislatures of 1919 will attempt to settle questions of loyalty and of freedom in their own way. Shall there be a uniform policy for States in accord with national and international agreements, with Federa aid to the States having great problems of education and assimilation, or shall we continue to confuse the world and do injustice to the alien as he passes from State to State?

We are not agreed upon whether this shall be a compulsory English language nation; and if so under what conditions other languages may be spoken and under what conditions the foreign press shall continue, and within what terms nationalistic societies may flourish. Shall we have a compulsory English language law and a clear enunciation of where we stand on these matters or shall we drift, increasing bitterness and misunderstanding in our own country and leading eventually to complication abroad?

America unconsciously permits exploitation which necessitates that foreign governments shall protect their own people here. Shall there be a law regulating the activities of private employment agencies doing an interstate business; of private bankers covering both deposits and transmission of money abroad, of colonization and land schemes involving as they do interstate transactions; of steamship ticket agents performing a variety of international services as well as selling tickets?

We now deal with immigration with little knowledge of conditions abroad. Our own official knowledge of peoples in America is based on a decennial census. The results are not ordinarily available until they are two or three years old. Is not the world moving too fast and our own country changing too rapidly to consider people as statistics? Shall we continue to do this or shall we base our selection upon the reports of experts abroad who will advise accurately and impartially of foreign conditions including movements of population, conditions of unrest, etc.? Is it not just as important to know manpower conditions and tendencies as to know trade conditions and not through self-interested and political but through scientific and non-partisan channels? Shall we find no better way of keeping in touch with the strangers in our gates than in aggregate masses of statistics several years old?

Basic Americanization, dealing with the Americaniza-

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tion of environment as well as of peoples, with the native Americans as well as with the foreign-born, is in peril of being lost in the confusion of adjustments. War agencies are disbanding and there is as yet no Federal department charged with the responsibility of taking up this work, and no appropriation has been made for carrying it on. Shall the Department of the Interior, under the leadership of Secretary Lane who has shown the most profound and sympathetic understanding of the many elements involved in our racial relations, be empowered to develop and carry on this work? It would seem that if any work belongs to the Department of the Interior this is it, and that definite action should be taken to head up the work authoritatively there in a broad way.

These are but some of the questions that face America. There are others far more delicate and undefined which have hardly yet seen the light. No one person can or ought to attempt to formulate the policies and programme but somewhere in America these matters should be dealt with in a comprehensive and authoritative way, clearly, courageously and without prejudice. Otherwise we are likely to fail at home in the very things which we have set out to show Europe how to do. America will be strong abroad just in proportion as it is strong at home; its ideals will win just in the measure that they are realized at home; its ideas will prevail just in the ratio in which they reach practical results here; and its good faith will be trusted in just the measure in which each man keeps his word and sees that liberty is realized in his shop and in his home and in his neighborhood and in his courts. To depart from this belief is to fail eventually and we are likely to lose sight of the danger at home in our triumphal march abroad.

FRANCES A. KELLOR.

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THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT

I

BY LIEUT. COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

PRELIMINARY to any discussion of the strategy of the war, it will not be out of place to remark that in this war the enormous numbers of the opposing armies, the wonderful improvements in artillery and in small arms, the use of noxious and poisonous gases, and of steam engines, gas engines, railroads, tanks, motor trucks, motorcycles, automobiles, electric telegraphy, wireless telegraphy, telephones, searchlights, submarines, aeroplanes, and other inventions and discoveries have had a far-reaching effect in modifying and changing the application of strategical principles. In some cases they have made their application much easier, and in others much more difficult, but in no case have they had any effect whatever in changing the principles themselves. Those are immutable. They are the same today as in the days of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Caesar, and of Napoleon.

To operate offensively, when practicable to do so; to bring superior forces against the enemy at the point of attack; to manœuver upon interior lines when possible; to surprise and deceive the enemy as to the plans of operation and place of attack; to divide the forces of the enemy and beat them in detail; to operate or attack in such a direction as to threaten or destroy the communications of the enemy without exposing your own: these are the main unchangeable principles of strategy. It is by their observance that the main object of all battles, the defeat and annihilation or capture of the enemy, can best be obtained. They are the foundation rocks upon which all great military successes are built. Their observance shows good generalship; their violation poor. No commander can long disregard or transgress them without bringing disaster and ruin upon his army.

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During the war Germany took, or tried to take, the offensive three times on the Western front. She began the war with a great offensive there and continued it until she was forced to take up a defensive rôle as a result of the battle of the Marne. In February, 1916, at Verdun, she began her second great effort to break through the Allied lines, but this also was a complete failure. And on March 21, 1918, she tried for the third time to smash through the lines and to resume a war of movement, but utterly failed in her efforts. In each of these offensives, according to our view, Germany made a great strategical mistake; and it is the purpose here to show why this is so; and to analyze somewhat in detail the operations on the Western front from a strategical point of view.

GERMANY'S FIRST GREAT MISTAKE

Although it may not have been Germany's intention at the outset to take the offensive on both her East and West fronts at the same time, nevertheless this is exactly what she did. At the very time that the German armies were overrunning Belgium and invading France, Hindenburg was engaged in East Prussia in a great offensive which culminated in the battle of Tannenberg.

When Napoleon made war in a single theatre of operations it was his invariable rule to take the offensive,[1] but to take it along but one line at a time; and had Germany followed this rule and held defensively the French front from Luxemburg to Switzerland, and then united the remainder of her forces with those of Austria offensively, first against Russia, then against Serbia, she could have defeated and crushed the armies of both in a short while, and then have returned to the Western front and with overwhelming forces flushed with victory have speedily invaded France *via* Belgium, as she had originally planned, or overrun both Belgium and Holland and conquered France. And in the mean-

[1]It is a well established maxim or principle of war that THE OFFENSIVE ALONE PROMISES DECISIVE RESULTS; but there is another principle just as well established, which limits the application of this principle when war is made within a single theatre of operations, and that is, TO OPERATE OFFENSIVELY AND IN FORCE ALONG BUT ONE LINE AT A TIME. These two principles, which were almost universally followed by Napoleon in his remarkable military career, were several times enunciated by him during his life. In fact, it has been largely through a study of his campaigns and of the methods followed by him in gaining his victories, that these two principles have come to be almost universally accepted by military men as true guides for conducting campaigns.

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time, while she was disposing of her enemies outside of France, had Great Britain and Belgium declared war against her, she could easily have held her Western front against them, since neither, at that time, had any army of consequence; and then, upon her return, could have gone through Belgium without bringing upon herself the odium of violating a neutral country.

Since the front between Germany and France was only one hundred and fifty miles in length, and was protected on the German side by the river Moselle and the fortifications of Metz and just back of them by the river Rhine and the fortress of Strassburg; and since the front could not have been turned by France without her violating the neutrality of either Belgium or Switzerland, or both, which it is certain she would not have done, it could have been held by Germany with a small part of her combatant forces, while she was destroying her enemies in other parts of Europe. Had she followed this plan, the war at most would have lasted but two years, and probably not that long. Had she followed this plan, Great Britain would not have declared war against her at the beginning; for it was the violation of Belgium's neutrality which brought Great Britain immediately into the war. Had Germany followed this plan, she would not have turned the good opinion of the world against her at the start. And it was all so easy, had Germany had any strategical foresight; but being obsessed with the idea that she must take the offensive, whether or no, at the very start against France, and having worked out plans along these lines for years, believing that she could conquer France this way as she had done in 1870; and failing to see that Russia's entrance into the war in 1914 made the strategical situation vastly different from what it was in 1870, she swept forward to her ultimate defeat. This mistake, this lack of strategical foresight, this stupendous blunder by the German General Staff was appalling, calamitous, for the Central Powers. It turned what should have been a short war into a long one. It cost the Central Powers billions of dollars and millions of men. It brought the young giant, America, into the war against them, and arrayed against them a world in arms. And what is most catastrophic of all, it has, along with several subsequent strategical blunders, resulted in Germany's practical annihilation as a great military power.

It is interesting to note that notwithstanding the fact that

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Germany took the offensive on both her Western and Eastern fronts at the outset of the war, she came very close to being victorious on both fronts. In East Prussia she won against the Russians the great battle of Tannenberg, and on the Western front, had she not been forced to detach two corps from her army just before the battle of the Marne, she would probably have won that battle, captured Paris, and perhaps conquered France before the end of the year. Which goes to show that however strong, well trained, well disciplined, and well prepared an army may be, its commander cannot violate a strategical principle, even unintentionally, without running great risk of serious consequences. It is true that victory will not infrequently be obtained in spite of a violation of some strategical principle; but it is also true that failure must result solely because of its violation.[1]

[1]Since writing this article I have learned that no less a person than Field Marshal von Moltke himself approved of the defensive strategy on the Western front in case Germany was involved in war with Russia and France at the same time. These views, reported by Bismarck in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and quoted by Munroe Smith (*Militarism and Statecraft*, pp. 125-127), are as follows:

> In view of our fortifications in Strassburg, Metz, Mayence, and Coblenz, Field Marshal Moltke was so convinced of the strength of our military position on the western front that he regarded it as possible, in case war should break out on two fronts, that we should limit ourselves to the defensive on the western frontier until the Russian war was conducted to an end. He was of the opinion that, with our railroad communications and fortifications on the western frontier, the French could not so conduct the war as to break through our lines; and he accordingly believed that we could carry the Russian war to a conclusion and then first, as against France, pass over from the defensive to the attack.

This revelation of Bismarck, published on January 9, 1893, aroused considerable controversy in Germany; whereupon one week later he replied and at the same time set forth his own opinion:

> It is an indisputable fact that Count Moltke expressed himself in this sense, and that he was of the opinion that Germany, in possession of Metz and Strassburg, with Mayence, Cologne, and Coblenz behind, could, in case of a double war, maintain the defensive against France for an indefinite time and meanwhile employ its chief force in the East. . . . We should regard it as presumptuous to attempt to support the views of the great strategist with our own opinion; but in face of the skeptical articles published in the *Nationalzeitung* and other similar utterances in the press, we should like to add that, so long as we are in possession of Metz and Strassburg and so long as we remain covered by the neutral Belgian and Luxemburg territory, a defensive conduct by Germany of the war against France would not deprive the left bank of the Rhine, but only a part of Alsace, of protection by German troops.

Commenting on these statements, Professor Munroe Smith says: "In 1914 the German General Staff, with another Moltke at its head, put into execution an opposite plan. It was stated to be self-evident that France must be crushed before the 'slow-moving Russian masses' could make any effective attack upon the Central Empires. To achieve this object, the cover of Belgian neutrality was sacrificed. The attack on France was launched across that neutral territory, as offering the line of least resistance."

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As to the German defeat at the Marne, Lieutenant General Baron von Freytag Loringhaven, Deputy Chief of the German Imperial Staff, in his book entitled *Deductions from the World War,* page 94, says:

> Thus the German offensive at the beginning of September, 1914, was not powerful enough to effect the overthrow of the enemy. The intention was to effect an envelopment from two sides. The envelopment by the left wing of the army was, however, brought to a standstill before the fortifications of the French eastern frontier, which, in view of the prompt success achieved against the Belgian fortifications, it had been hoped to overcome. The envelopment of the French left wing was successful up to in front of Paris and across the Marne, but here the German troops found their frontal advance arrested, while they in their turn were threatened with an envelopment.

And again, page 91, he says:

> When the German Western army engaged in the Battle of the Marne, its original first line troops had been reduced not only by two army corps which had been sent to the East, but also by two further army corps which it had been necessary to leave behind at Antwerp and Maubeuge.

Thus we see that the German plan was to envelop both flanks of the French army and that it failed because of the "fortifications of the French eastern frontier." That is to say, it failed because of the natural fortification of the Vosges Mountains and the fortresses of Verdun, Toul, and Belfort. But particularly because of Belfort, which commands the narrow pass into France between the Vosges and Jura range of mountains. Had the Germans been able to capture this fortress, the way would have been opened for turning the Vosges Mountains and the fortresses of Toul and Verdun, and the envelopment of the French right wing, which, with the left wing and the little British and Belgian armies already enveloped, would no doubt have resulted in the final surrender of the French army and the capture of Paris.

This accomplished, their next step would have been to cross the English Channel; and with their submarines, aeroplanes, and Zeppelins, to protect their transports from attack in crossing. With no army of any consequence in Great Britain at that time to repel the invaders, it seems not improbable that they would have been successful, although their losses might have been considerable. With Great Britain's poor state of preparedness at that time, and the flower of her regular troops already destroyed in France, probably less than half a million veteran German troops would have been

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able to overrun the island, capture London, and conquer Great Britain.

Then, of course, they would have taken over the British Navy; and with the French Navy already taken over, and their own navy and submarines, they would probably have provoked war with the United States and made short work of the American Navy. With it out of the way there would have been nothing to prevent their transports, loaded with their best troops, from crossing the Atlantic; and with practically no army in the United States to meet them they could easily have taken possession of a good part of the North Atlantic seaboard States, captured New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, and compelled these cities to indemnify Germany for the entire cost of the war.

It is easy to see now that at the battle of the Marne Germany was within a hair's breadth of conquering France; and that this would most probably have speedily led to her conquering Great Britain and the United States and her domination of the world. *But Belfort stood in the way.*

So important was this fact, so fraught was it with momentous consequences, that it may be interesting to inquire how it happened that Germany did not insist on taking over the French fortress of Belfort at the end of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71; for had she held it in 1914, victory would certainly have crowned her efforts in the first great battle of the Marne.

The circumstances were these: Paris capitulated on January 28, 1871, and an armistice of twenty-one days was signed, to date from January 31; it was later extended to midnight of February 26. During the armistice, the German army was not to enter Paris. Heroically, Belfort was still holding out.

On February 21, Thiers, representing France, went to Versailles to get the best terms he could from Bismarck. Bismarck's terms were, that France was to pay an indemnity of six thousand million francs; to give up the whole of Alsace and a considerable part of Lorraine, including the fortresses of Strassburg, Metz, and Belfort; and that the German army was to enter Paris and to remain there until the ratification of peace.[1] To these terms Thiers strongly protested, claiming that the indemnity was exorbitant and that the cession of Metz would make the two nations enemies forever. He particularly objected to the German troops entering Paris

[1] Simon, *the Government of M. Thiers,* vol. 1, p. 133

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and insisted on France keeping Belfort if Strassburg had to be given up. The discussion lasted several days. Bismarck was obdurate; but finally Thiers' eloquence, emotion, zeal, patriotism, and fire moved him to consult the Emperor and von Moltke as to a slight modification of the terms. The Emperor consented to a reduction of the indemnity from six to five thousand million francs,[1] but von Moltke insisted that Germany must have Metz, as it would be worth one hundred thousand men to her in case of a war with France.[2] As to the entrance of the troops into Paris, Bismarck offered to yield this, if Thiers would consent to give up Belfort without further objection. But Thiers persisted in retaining Belfort. Feeling that to yield it would leave the Eastern frontier of France open to invasion, he fought for it most strenuously, offering even to consent to the German troops entering Paris provided Belfort could be retained by France. "Nothing," said Thiers, in the course of his long and eloquent plea, "can equal the grief which Paris must feel in opening the gates of its unconquered walls to the enemy who has been unable to force them. Therefore we have besought you, and do still beseech you, not to inflict this unmerited humiliation upon the city. Nevertheless it is ready to drink the cup to the dregs, so that one bit of its soil and an heroic city may be preserved to the country. We thank you, Count, for having afforded Paris the opportunity of ennobling its sacrifice. The mourning of Paris shall be the ransom of Belfort."[3] On this point Bismarck finally yielded and Belfort was retained by France. Theirs' pleadings saved the day. With the fire of a great patriot in his soul, his eloquence, nearly fifty years ago, saved his beloved France from destruction in 1914. It did more—it changed the destinies of many peoples and many nations, crushed out autocracy, and crumbled into dust most of the thrones of Europe.

(*To be continued*)

[1] Simon, *The Government of M. Thiers,* vol. 1, p. 137.
[2] *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz,* New York, 1903, p. 144.
[3] Favre, *Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale,* vol. 3, p. 106.

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THE CURSE OF SPAIN, OR MR. BIGBAG'S SPECIAL FUNCTION

BY VINCENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

THE great Don José, Member of Spain's House of Representatives, or the Cortés as they call it over there, had turned up somewhat unexpectedly at the chief town of the district he was so kind as to represent. No mere ordinary commonplace Member was Don José, who ran the show on a big scale both in the Cortés at Madrid and at home in his constituency; where indeed he counted for very much more than does the average American Member of Congress, in view of the fact that at each recurring election he regularly counted himself in. But just now there was no election on, and this was a surprise visit from him: so what could be more natural than that his highly flattered supporters should hasten to arrange for a grand function in his honour? The privilege of a visit from the great man was a thing they did not very often enjoy, for Don José never dreamed of living in his constituency; he was a magnificent grandee from Spain's far off capital, who simply condescended to sit in the Spanish Cortés for some out of the way district or other in the Province of Valencia; seldom indeed did he trouble, or rejoice, by his presence the humble folk down there whom he was supposed to represent, except of necessity at election times. The worthy rural voters spoke of him with awe as if he were Omnipotence personified, knowing him to be such an exalted figure, if you like, such an almighty boss away up in the political heaven of Madrid.

"Bossism" is our American name for the corrupt rule of the political thimbleriggers who manipulate the votes of the electorate, but the thing itself is not unknown in some countries on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is the particular curse of unhappy Spain. Nominally Spain enjoys

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an admirable system of representative government: really the political bosses run it. All Spaniards know this perfectly well, and the sardonic humour with which they relieve their feelings about an evil they are impotent to cure has found a name for the curse. In the days when Spain was great she conquered Mexico; and there she found a perfectly organized system at work, whereby every Mexican village had its own particular boss, who was entitled the *cacique;* and every village cacique had his district cacique to boss him; and so on up to the head cacique of them all, the Emperor Montezuma himself. To-day the expressive Spanish name for the rule of the bosses is *el caciquismo,* cacique-ism.

The grand function or fête in honour of Don José was held in the lovely gardens of the chief magistrate of the town, and a truly gorgeous feast it was; the local band discoursed merry music, and all the women and children of the place peeped curiously over the wall to watch their betters eat. The rank and fashion of the district were there, along with the priests from half a dozen small towns around, come to do honour to their Member, whom priests and all looked up to as the staunch defender of moral order and sound religious principles; there, too, were the magistrates responsible for moral order in those same towns, accompanied by a host of humbler officials. These smaller fry were gentry the Member had to be especially careful to keep in good humour, for it was they who on every election day might be seen trotting along every highroad, making a bee-line for Don José, in order to hand in to him the election returns in proper order: proper order meant that the returns were all duly filled up, and duly signed with the official signatures, and sealed with the official stamps. The only parts left blank were the columns for the figures, which with brazen impudence purported to record the actual number of votes cast. The humble officials left these columns empty in order that Omnipotence as personified in their Member might fill them up for himself, corrupting their virgin purity with his monstrous majorities. Indubitably Don José was a member who counted.

A few years ago there was a celebrated boss who ruled New York, where his name and fame still survive on account of the cynical frankness of a certain remark of his: "I don't care who votes so long as I count." That was the dictum of the great Boss Tweed, who later on fled to Spain, where

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he died; the great Don José was shrewd enough to take a leaf out of his book; and yet people say that Spaniards learn nothing.

The gold spectacles and fashionable frock-coat of the Member shone conspicuous amid the best Sunday cassocks of the priests and the holiday clothes of the populace, creased from the press and redolent of camphor: yet gorgeous as he was to behold, His Omnipotence was not by any means the centre of attraction; in fact nobody looked or thought of looking at him. All eyes were centred on a short man in cord breeches, who wore a black handkerchief tied round his head, showing off his lean, bronzed face and bull-dog jaw; a short, heavy, big bored gun was in his hand, and it seemed as if this blunderbuss was a part of himself, for he never moved a step without it. The man was the famous Quico 'Bigbag', the hero of the district, an outlaw with thirty years' exploits to his credit; he was affectionately known as Quico* for short, and Bigbag for the number of his victims; the younger folk regarded him with a superstitious awe, remembering their childhood and how often their mothers had terrified them into silence with the threat of "Bigbag's coming for you!"

He had begun early; for as a boy in his teens he fell in love with a girl, found that two other youngsters were after her also, and shot the pair of them dead; after which he took to the mountains with his gun and led the life of a gentleman outlaw, a true knight-errant of the hills. To-day, there were more than forty indictments for murder hanging over him; but the indictments would have to wait till he should be so kind as to allow the police, those well armed and mounted riflemen who form rural police of Spain, to catch him. Catch him indeed! He knew the mountains like a book and could skip like a goat from crag to crag; also he could hit a penny tossed up in the air with his bullet, so that at last the police had grown tired of interminable hunts, and finally declined now to see him at all.

A robber he had never been! That was against his scruples as a man of honour! Up in the mountains he lived on the fare that the people of the hill-farms freely offered him, whether from admiration or fear, and if a real robber did happen to turn up in the district Bigbag shot him with no

*Petname for Francisco.

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more ado; as a man of honour he must decline to be made responsible for other men's robberies. Shed blood? Why, yes, certainly, and wade in it knee-deep if necessary. He made no more account of killing a man than of kicking a stone out of his road. In short he was a wild beast and a very dangerous one. He was equally handy with bullet or knife, and he was always ready for a scrap, anywhere and in any style: he would fight face to face if his enemies had the pluck to meet him in the open, or if they tried his own game of bushwhacking he could outstalk the stalkers and they found themselves filled full of lead before they knew where they were. He had cleared the mountains of other outlaws simply because he didn't want competitors; he had shot down his personal enemies on the highway, this particular foe to-day and t'other to-morrow, just exactly as he found it convenient; and more than one fine Sunday morning had found him in the streets of a town, waiting patiently till high mass was over; the priests were far too much his good friends for him ever to think of interrupting them at a religious service; but when they had finished their job he would calmly put a brace of bullets into some local bigwig who had offended him (or his protector the Madrid grandee) and leave his victim lying. Nobody dreamed of interfering with him now, nor did the police ever think of bothering him, for here came in the curse of Spain. Mr. Bigbag had taken to politics, and had proved himself an absolutely invaluable aid to the politician. There he was, always ready to kill somebody or other, even if he hardly had the pleasure of knowing them by sight, in order to assure the return of Don José as perpetual Member for the district. It never entered the brute's dull brain that he had now become a mere tentacle of Spain's great electoral octopus, whose central ganglion lay far away in the office of a certain great cacique at Madrid. Bigbag lived in a little rural village not far from the country town, and he had his home there like any respectable man; he had been married by his parish priest, with all due forms and ceremonies of Holy Church, to the beautiful girl he had first fallen in love with, and for whose sake he had shot that unlucky pair of rivals who became his first victims. He was the affectionate father of a fine family of children, and a good neighbour. As for the police, they had their orders, and he was on the best of terms with them; he always offered them a cigarette out of his case

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when they met, and if it did ever happen that some exploit of his obliged them to make a pretence of looking for him, he merely went off for a few days' hunting in the mountains and took a nice little sporting excursion.

It was well worth while to watch all the leading men of the neighbourhood while the function was in progress making up to the outlaw and paying him attention. Nothing was too good for the real hero of the day. "Come now, Mr. Bigbag, may I not help you to this excellent liver wing?" "Bigbag, won't you try a glass of this good wine? It's been years in my cellar." Why, the very priests themselves, with a jovial "Ha, ha," slapped him on the shoulder and laughed paternally. "Oho, Mr. Bigbag! Well, to be sure! 'Tis you that are the great man here to-day!" And it was quite true that the function was given specially for him. For him, and him alone, had the omnipotent Don José put off his journey to Valencia and waited at the county town. The Member had found it desirable to allay his supporter's fears and to put an end to his rather ominous growls.

As a reward for his electioneering exploits, Bigbag had been promised a full and free pardon by Don José; and the outlaw, who felt himself growing old and wished for a quiet life as a respectable farmer, had placed himself at the disposal of the all-powerful Member of the Cortés, believing in his ignorance that every fresh barbarity he perpetrated was only accelerating his pardon.

But the years went by, the promises remained promises, and the outlaw, firmly believing in the Member's omnipotence, inclined to attribute the delay to contempt or neglect. His patience at last exhausted, he began to threaten; and Don José got a shock which made him feel like a lion-tamer when his wild beast turns on him. Every week now the outlaw wrote to him, to Madrid, and every letter was a threat. These letters, scrawled by that blood-spattered fist, got on the member's nerves, and he felt it necessary to visit his constituency.

The pair of them were a sight to see, talking after dinner in a corner of the gardens; the Member fawning and obsequious, Bigbag frowning and ill-humoured.

"My dear Quico, this is your special function, and it is solely and entirely to see you that I am here," insisted Don José, emphasizing the honour of his visit. "But what's your hurry? Aren't you all right, my dear Quico? You are per-

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fectly safe; I have recommended you to the Governor of the province; the police let you alone; what more do you want?"

Nothing, and everything. It was true that they let him alone, but there was no certainty about it. Times might change, and then he'd have to take to the hills again. He wanted what he had been promised, the pardon, by heavens! He enumerated his claims in his own Valencian dialect, more intelligible than his shaky Castilian.

"You shall have it, man. You shall have it. It's just ready; you may expect it in a day or two."

Bigbag smiled bitterly. He wasn't such a fool as they thought him. He had been to see a lawyer in Valencia, and the lawyer had laughed at him and his pardon. He must let himself be caught, patiently accept the two hundred or three hundred years' imprisonment that his innumerable sentences would tot up, and when he had done a fair share of his time in prison, say, a hundred years or so, then perhaps the pardon might come along. By heavens, he wasn't the sort of man to get off jokes on! And some people had better remember it, too!

The Member turned pale; he saw that the outlaw's confidence in him was shaken, was all but lost.

"My dear Quico, your lawyer friend is a perfect ass. Do you imagine that there is any mortal thing the Government can't do in this country? You may count on being clear from all penalties, absolutely clear. I take my oath on it."

And knowing of old the power of his most crafty tongue over that dull brain, he swept the outlaw off his feet by a flow of words that hypnotized him with their plausibility.

Little by little the outlaw's confidence in the Member returned. Well, then, he would wait, but it should be only for one month and not a day longer. If by that date the pardon had not arrived he would write no more letters nor trouble to speak to him again. Don José might be a Member of the Cortés and a very grand gentleman, but when it came to bullets one man was as good as another.

With that threat he took his leave, picked up his beloved blunderbuss, and bowed his farewell to the whole party assembled. He was going home, and he wanted to get there before dark, for truly great men like Bigbag only turn nightbirds when actually compelled.

As a companion he had the butcher of his village, a youth-

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ful and enthusiastic worshiper who adored the outlaw's superb courage and skill, and followed him everywhere like a devotee.

The Member saw them off with feline affability.

"Good-bye, my dear Quico," he said, with a confidential squeeze of the outlaw's hand. "Don't you worry; you are going to be quite all right in no time. I hope all your beautiful children are very well, and tell your good lady that I have never forgotten how thoroughly comfortable she made me when I was your guest."

The outlaw and his acolyte took their places in their village carrier's cart, where three old women made room for them, saluting "Mr. Quico" warmly, while the children passed their little hands over that terrible blunderbuss of his as if it was a sacred image.

The carrier's cart proceeded on its way, bumping along the road through the orange gardens, where the trees were now in full flower. The irrigating channels flashed back the soft light of the evening sun, and the air breathed of Spring and was filled with the murmur of innumerable flies that buzzed everywhere.

Bigbag was in a good temper at last. A hundred times he had had his pardon promised to him, but this time there was going to be no mistake about it. His admiring squire listened respectfully, but said nothing. They saw two policemen in the road, and Bigbag, who knew them quite well, turned round in his seat to give them a friendly greeting.

Round the next corner there were two more policemen, and the young butcher jumped on his seat as if a pin had been stuck in him. He was nervous. Two couples of policemen in one short bit of road were a good many. The outlaw set his mind at rest. That was nothing to get scared over. The police had been brought in from all the country round for Don José's visit.

But a little further on they found a third pair of policemen, who like the other couples followed slowly in the rear of the cart, and the butcher could stand it no longer. He smelt the biggest kind of a rat. "Bigbag, it's not too late! Jump off instantly; make a bolt across country; and get into the mountains. If it turns out that it is not you they want, you can come down home after nightfall."

"Yes, Mr. Quico, yes," cried the alarmed dames. "Oh, do go."

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But Mr. Quico laughed at the fears of these folk. "Get on, carrier, get on," was all he said.

And the cart moved on, till suddenly there sprang out on the road fifteen or twenty armed police, a whole troop of them with their rifles in their hands and a lieutenant at their head. Through the openings of the cart they stuck the muzzles of those rifles and covered the outlaw, who calmly sat still, while the women and children flung themselves squealing on the floor of the cart.

"Bigbag, come out of that or you're a dead man," said the lieutenant.

The outlaw calmly got down along with his satellite, and the police had grabbed his blunderbuss away from him before ever his feet touched the ground. He was still under the strong fascination of his omnipotent protector's reassuring language, and he decided not to attempt resistance lest a new crime should impede the progress of the famous pardon.

He called the butcher to him, and bade him run back to the town and tell Don José. This must be all a mistake, an order misunderstood.

The young man saw the police forcibly shoving the prisoner along towards the nearest orange grove, and he ran straight down the road, on past the three couples of policemen who had followed the cart in the rear. He did not get much further, for almost immediately he found himself face to face with a gentleman on horseback; it was one of the county magnates who had been at the function. "Don José! Where's Don José?" he asked eagerly.

The county magnate smiled as if he had a shrewd guess as to what was up. He explained that Don José wasn't there; the very moment Bigbag left the place the Member for the district had started off as quick as he could go for Valencia.

Then the butcher understood everything, the flight of the Member, the smile of the county magnate, the amused look he had noted on the face of the lieutenant when the outlaw called so loudly for his protector, declaring that he was the victim of a mistake.

The butcher wheeled sharp round and sped back to the orange grove; but before he got there a little puff of smoke, soft and white as cotton wool, rose over the tree-tops, and he heard the bang-bang-bang of a crashing volley, long and ragged, as if the very earth were being rent asunder.

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He found him lying on his back on the reddening ground, the body half in and half out of the shade of the tree against which they had shot him, the earth wet with the blood bubbling from the shattered head. The flies, drunk with the perfume of the oranges, shone in the sun like golden sparks as they danced wildly round the bloody lips of the corpse.

The disciple tore his hair. "*Sangre de cristo!* Was that how they killed men who *were* men?"

The lieutenant slapped him on the shoulder. "That's just exactly how, my sucking outlaw; that's the way you rogues finish!"

The sucking outlaw swung himself round fiercely, but he did not turn his face towards the police officer; his gaze was turned far away across the hills toward the Valencia road, and his tear-dimmed eyes seemed to say: "Rogues, oh yes, rogues if you like! but the biggest is not poor Bigbag here but him yonder running away, the grand Madrid gentleman who has skipped."

VINCENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ.

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THE INTERMEDIATE MILLIONS

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

THE war is over. The great guns are hushed. And now grave social issues call for settlement. Our reconstruction must be wrought out on new lines. It should be inspired by the idea of human brotherhood.

The problems which that thought involves are numerous. They defy solution by one human mind. But some decisions must be reached ere long. Even now an ear attuned to certain tones can hear warnings of strange possibilities. We talk of freedom, justice, law. We prate of charity. We boast of our democracy—and, in dishonest moods, of—our equality. We gabble about government for the people. Yet all the time we feel, deep in our hearts, that we are living upon words, words, words. Equality, we know, is still a dream. And the same gulf still keeps apart our poor and rich.

Nor have those who are neither rich nor very poor had justice done them. Directly or indirectly, as things stand, this country is controlled by three great forces. Those forces are all organized and active. Above we see the masters of organized capital. Below are the grim hosts of organized labor. While, lurking in the dark or unconcealed, are countless profiteering middlemen and retailers, less organized.

Numerically, those who have accumulated capital are, comparatively speaking, negligible. But, being banded and allied in groups and trusts, they have grown too powerful. Their influence extends to all the essentials of our daily life and comfort, our food and clothing, our transportation facilities, our lighting and warming and even our means of housing ourselves. The power of capital would be much more oppressive, but for the restraining power of labor unionism. Those petty profiteers, the greedy retailers, prey quite impartially on one and all.

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But in addition to the three great and powerful forces above mentioned is another element, including a vast multitude of citizens, unorganized and without power. They include salaried clerks; professionals of various categories, among them artists, doctors, teachers, ministers, and writers for newspapers; owners of small incomes; men earning their livelihood, more or less precariously, in minor commerce; some millions of detached and decent storekeepers; some millions of non-unionized farmers, landowners and farm-hands; and more millions of as yet non-unionized hand-workers employed in industries; besides armies of male and female shop-people, stenographers and secretaries.

Of these we may foresee that many of the non-unionized handworkers and possibly the farm laborers will before very long have joined the labor unions. Therein lies one great hope of escaping what is known as Bolshevism. There will remain still many uncounted millions of units, virtually unorganized, who, being units, are scorned and dictated to in turn by organized capital, organized labor and those retailers who are profiteers. In England they would probably be ranked with the higher and lower strata of the "middle classes." Here, though we baulk and shy at certain terms, we might describe them as the "intermediates." In England even our multi-millionaires would be called "middle-class." For there they have a well-recognized upper class. And, to their shame, they also have a pauper class.

Our hordes of still unorganized intermediates have few defences, few ideas, few or no leaders in the public press or Congress. Most of our newspapers are owned by aggressive interests, which, whether political, financial or industrial, do not concern themselves to a great extent with the burdens of citizens too feeble or too unmindful of their own welfare to protect themselves. Labor has its mouthpieces and leaders, more especially outside the walls of Congress. The great railroads, the express companies, the packers and brewers, the bankers and steel corporations, the mine owners and milk trusts, have agents and lobbyists (more or less concealed) and many newspapers. What have our futile, shiftless, feeble intermediates to assert their rights or to redress their wrongs?

Just now, in the swirl preceding reconstruction, the three organized or half-organized contingents of American society seem to be jockeying for positions, struggling for

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vantage points, from which, at some time they may find it most convenient to coerce their fellows. The poor intermediates look on in bewilderment. They feel—more than they see—that, in the manœuvring of surrounding heartless forces, they stand to lose, no matter who may win.

Of those who read this, a majority maybe belong to these intermediates. They know that they are entirely at the mercy of their organized fellow-citizens. They are the butts of " gentlemen's " combinations, unfeeling unions, and superfluous middlemen. Each one of these plays a lone, selfish game. The intermediates serve them all as counters. When grafting landlords, with the high cost of labor and war taxation on their lips, see fit to raise their rents, not just enough to cover their expenses, but to a point at which they add bloated percentages to their right incomes, they groan and pay. When the coal dealers, after agreeing to supply coal at a fixed price, refuse to deliver it in the bins of their customers, and allow their employees to charge extra fees for shovelling work—they groan and pay. When insolent gas companies defy their customers by reducing the lighting power of their gas, despite their charters, who opposes them? Plumbers and carpenters make their own ruthless prices. Milk trusts increase the cost of milk and lower its quality; in many cases adding adulteration and chemical conservation to other crimes. The poor, feckless units moan—but still they pay. Life, once endurable, is now a nightmare. Unscrupulous storekeepers put up the price of meat, of bread, of fruits, of drugs, of fish, not in accordance with the facts of trade, but at their own sweet will. They lay the blame upon the rascally middlemen, who ascribe it to the wholesalers, who impute it to the trusts, who fasten it upon the grasping farmers and unscrupulous feedmen. In the last resort, these send one back to the "cost of labor." So we go round in an eternally vicious circle. But, though the unorganized units—the unfortunate intermediates—groan, they pay, and go on paying. It does not occur to them that, by protesting actively—at the same time enduring patiently some self-privation, and above all by organizing—they could protect themselves and perhaps compel their oppressors, the trusts, middlemen, storekeepers and handworkers, to accept a re-adjustment fair to everyone,—to producers, trusts, agents, wholesalers, retailers, and, above all, consumers, who include them all.

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Within the last four years the profits of the rich have become egregious; so egregious, indeed, as to awake alarm. For it is not in human nature that those who are in want will look on unmoved forever at the processions of automobiles, the long streams of luxuriously gowned and unfeeling women, the riot of extravagance, that mock the poor in our broad and stately streets. The unthinking may admire the signs of wealth which confront them on Fifth Avenue. But the more sensible must often ask themselves if what they see is not a warning and a menace. The late Bishop Potter, who could scarcely be suspected of sensationalism, was more than anxious as to the future of this country. What he is said to have foreseen was an upheaval of the poor against the rich. But, since his death, things have grown complex. The intermediates are now becoming restless. And, unless they organize, we may have tragic troubles. The handworkers are learning how to protect themselves, to win their share, if not more than their share, of material happiness. The very rich have always known how to defend their gains. Unhappily for themselves, the intermediates have learned nothing. From year to year they are dwindling in importance. They cannot cast their lot in with the rich. They have no places in the armies of the unions. A re-adjustment of some kind must come—and soon. The rich grow richer and the handworkers are able, thanks to the labor unions, to command good wages. The intermediates steadily grow poorer. They are forced to pinch and scrape, to spend their savings. Society has somehow passed them by. They are helpless. Why? Because they are unorganized.

It may be difficult for many to conceive of a rebellious bank clerk. And most professionals have borne their wrongs so long that they have almost had the will to fight crushed out of them. As for the writers for the reviews and newspapers, they are so wrapped up in their special hopes and dreams that they do not protest. The artists are essentially unpractical. The preachers, teachers, authors, wait for leaders. The dread of losing the small pittances they earn keeps the stenographers, the shop girls (or, if you will, the saleslades) from incautious action, however justified. But, if the worm will turn, so may the mildest bank clerk, the most patient teacher, the most orderly saleslady. The man who has spent his life in accumulating a small income, as an anchor in advancing age, may wake some day to ask himself why

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he is defrauded of his savings. The unorganized farmers and improvident farm hands may become envious of the organized artisans. And those storekeepers who have preferred honest independence to equivocal combinations may grow dissatisfied as they consult their passbooks. As they look around them, vaguely conscious of injustices to which they are subjected, they may come to wonder why the dollars which they have earned by their month's effort mean so much less to them than they did years ago; and why the handworkers should be truculent in their prosperity, when they themselves are straining so painfully and fruitlessly to make ends meet.

If there existed the least prospect of relief for them within the near future, the poor intermediates might make shift to bear their woes. But is there such a prospect? According to a table compiled by the Bureau of Labor and published in Washington a few months ago, the purchasing power of the United States dollar had shrunk, between July 1913 and July 1918, to 54 cents in Washington and Baltimore, 57 cents in Philadelphia, 59 cents in New York and Chicago, and 63 cents in San Francisco. In the same five years the price of food had increased 85 per cent in Washington, 84 per cent in Baltimore, 77 per cent in Philadelphia, 69 per cent in Chicago, 68 per cent in New York, and 58 per cent in San Francisco, which is apparently the least grasping of our great cities. The cost of shoes and suits and gloves and hats and underwear has gone up by leaps and bounds, while rents have soared to suit the landlords' whims.

All this has meant little to the rich. Nor has it harmed the organized handworkers, whose increased wages have enabled them to pay their way—and more, much more. But to the helpless and unorganized intermediates it may be calamitous. For, unlike labor men and women, they have not dared to clamor for fair pay; or, in the case of the long suffering journalists, to demand higher "space rates." There has from time to time been talk of raising the low salaries paid to school teachers. But it has led to nothing. As for the artists (except the musicians, who are unionized) and the actors, of whom thousands are to some extent protected by their defence societies, they have been more or less deprived of even the most modest and uncertain sources of revenue.

The chief need of this great nation is better and more rigid organization. The old *laissez faire, laissez aller*

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theories of Mid-Victorian days are being abandoned. All but the improvident millions of intermediates are getting together—whether for a clash, which may be tragical and violent, or, as we hope, for a re-adjustment upon legal lines, no man can tell. One thing seems sure. Those who omit to organize will soon find it hard, and perhaps impossible, to retain their self-respect and enjoy what are supposed to be the rights of every citizen—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Labor organizations may bring comfort to the handworkers. But to the brainworkers and to those luckless nondescripts who can be strictly classified neither as brainworkers nor as handworkers it means little good. What then? The bank clerk, the merchant's clerk, the stenographer, the small independent storekeeper, the journalist, the doctor, the artist, the preacher, the saleslady and the school teacher, are theoretically entitled to the same justice as the labor unionist. Need they be fleeced, ground down, and bullied by contemptuous handworkers, or victimized by conscienceless trade barons? Can they do nothing, really nothing, to protect themselves? The clerk is an essential of our system, no less than the plumber. A writer for a daily or weekly newspaper may be (to put it modestly) at least as important to the State as the most upright truckman. The fact that he does not consort with truckmen is in a way condoned by the other fact that most truckmen do not care for *his* companionship.

It would be prudent for the intermediate millions to take the initiative, to devise means of self-defence, to trust more in themselves and their own unsuspected and untested strength than in anything that other folk may do for them. "But how," you ask, "can the intermediates do anything to protect themselves? Are they to beg admission to the labor unions, with whom, apart from a desire for material happiness, they have little sympathy? Must they affiliate themselves with alien interests, and go on strike, when ordered by the walking delegate or head of some labor brotherhood, to redress the grievances, possibly not justified, of strangers?"

It is hard to answer questions such as these with conviction or authority. Offhand, however, it might be suggested that societies of a protective character could usefully be organized quite independently of the labor unions. Why, for example, should not every clerk employed in a bank or in a merchant's office be a member of a Clerk's Defensive Soci-

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ety? Why should there not be an equivalent here of the French and Italian Authors' Societies? Why should not all the newspaper men and newspaper women, with the assent and good-will of their editors, publishers and proprietors, have—not a union in the rigid labor sense, but a Society for the redress of wrongs, the protection of members against unjust dismissal, and the determination of a minimum living wage? There is nothing either unreasonable or subversive in the suggestion.

As a model, or at least a useful hint, the unorganized professionals might turn to the Actors' Equity Association. It is not rigidly affiliated with the Labor Federation. Nor should it be. And none the less it has been able to act quietly but efficiently. On the letterheads of the Actors' Equity Association is printed the following quotation from Marcus Aurelius: "Love the art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learned, and be content with it, making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man." The purpose of the suggested Societies should be, not the promotion of strife or of ill-feeling between members and employers, but the readjustment of conditions in a way fair to all. Their foundation would be every bit as useful as the backfires with which greater fires are combated. Doubtless efforts would be made, once they were founded, to have the proposed intermediary Societies linked up with the labor unions. These efforts should be resisted, tooth and nail. Not in a spirit of hostility to the labor unions, which may be desirable and are surely now inevitable, but because handworkers have interests which differ widely from those of clerks and salespeople and professionals.

As a corollary and complement of such associations, there should be duly authorized Arbitration Boards, with power to enforce their rulings. In the long run it would pay employers to encourage the formation of societies by their employees, especially if, as some do already, they associated their employees with them in the division of profits. Chiefly, there should be humanity and good will in the inter-relationships of all our citizens. For, although named by different names, in this democracy all men and women but a very few, do work, with brains or hands. They are all laborers.

Aside from sociological generalities, what can be done to make life easier, safer, saner, for the intermediates? And, not for them alone, but for consumers of all kinds?

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The Federal Food Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Public Service Commission and other agencies have, in the past, been more or less looked up to by the intermediate millions for the redress of wrongs. What have they accomplished? The Public Service Commission has been conspicuously unable to act resolutely and effectually. The results have been seen in inexcusable railroad accidents; and still more, in the persistence of the outrageous mockery of justice which has permitted light and power companies to give grossly inadequate service.

The cost of food and clothing must be lowered. Or salaries, and rewards for work in general, must be greatly raised. In some fields, salaries have been raised—a little. But the increase has not been nearly on all fours with the changed conditions.

What follows? Can there be really no relief for all the millions upon millions of intermediates who are now wrestling with the problems of existence? How can they find a way to eat and drink, to warm and clothe and light and house themselves, without being ruined? Petitions to the powers that be might help. Public meetings and discussions might do more. But there are other ways. *Aide-toi, dieu t'aidera.* Boycotts in England have worked wonders. A much better and more thorough means of settling things than boycotting, however, would be the foundation, on a great scale, of coöperative stores.

Coöperation is of various kinds. Sometimes it deals with the coördination of the producers' rights—at other times with the organization of plans for the benefit of the consumers. For the moment let us think of the consumers' interests. The most practical and useful expression of this special form of sociological work is the coöperative store.

Coöperative stores are not unknown here. In Great Britain and in other lands they have long been truisms. The principle on which they have been managed, with immense success, is simple. So many citizens subscribe so much apiece. They form a society of shareholders. The society then chooses salaried officers, who engage agents and employees to buy commodities of various kinds, at wholesale, and retail them in the stores of the society, either to holders of membership tickets only, or to outsiders also. As the first purpose of the plan is to economize, the prices at which things are sold are based on their real wholesale cost, plus running

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expenses, interest on invested capital, and other considerations. One can buy almost anything, from a spool of cotton to a motor car, at honest prices. The members own the stores; and on the judgment they may show in selecting their own salaried representatives, depend the quality and cost of what they purchase. To make this clearer. The coöperative stores are roughly equivalents of our department stores—but with this difference. Our department stores are run for private profit, whereas the coöperative stores are installed and managed for the advantage of the coöperators.

It should be proclaimed a crime to exact more than fair profits on such wares as fish, milk, bread, meat and vegetables. There should not be a fish or meat or milk trust.

If the poor intermediates stood together they could alter things. Their want of will, and their reluctance to endure some slight discomfort for a time, explain their impotence. Rather than go without fresh eggs, or fish, or meat for a few days, they allow those trusts and storekeepers to rob them. They lack vision, public spirit and initiative, and they are unorganized.

If statistics can be trusted, the organized handworkers are today a small minority of this nation. With the addition of all the now non-unionized farm folk, mechanics and others to whom they are related, they would still be a minority, though a strong minority. Side by side with them, and not opposed to them, the intermediates should form unions or associations of their own, possibly federated, which might hold the balance, minimize injustice, and save society from shipwreck. The producers, whether employees or employers, are no more essential to the welfare of the world than the consumers and distributors of their products. It is the fashion of the hour to say that we must choose, now and forever, between Capital and Labor—meaning, by one, the oppressive moneyed magnates, and, by the other, the industrial working folk. But there is something besides both to be remembered —the oppressed millions of unorganized intermediates, who are neither handworkers, nor "I-Won't-Workers," nor "Bourbons."

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

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CODDLING ANARCHY

BY ERVING WINSLOW

THE Celtic orator who smelt a rat and heard him brewing in the storm, but declared his determination to crush him in the bud, was mixed in metaphor, but clear and single in purpose and possessed obviously by common sense, a quality which seems to have fled the modern world. Philosophical inferences have often been proved by later investigations of the new science of biology to be in fact sound and sane. One of these which seems now in the way of demonstration is the old speculative assumption that madness may befall a nation or group of nations, as genuinely as it seizes upon the individual, and that waves of confusion and passion sometimes deprive them of reason. During the last century such lapses occurred after the French Revolution and to some degree in 1848. We are in the midst of another one, produced by a similar cause, the upsetting of established order and authority. There is no mystery about it. Like the afreet of the Arabian Nights, long confined in the sealed jar, when suddenly let out, the expansion of the spirit fills the air with smoke and darkens the sun.

Common sense, guided by the analogy of experience, might see in the great upheaval of the world today an inevitable reaction, like those of similar previous episodes, only on a vaster scale than ever before, which have followed despotisms grown unbearable and overthrown, license succeeding bondage, and rampant individualism the broken machine; cogs and levers whirring wildly, freed from belts and bearings. After a time the chaos crystallizes somehow, and its unconditioned accidents fall into order, the " divinity " which shapes our " rough-hewn " work into good ends taking a hand. In our mad world there seems no recognition of all this, but only random hypotheses, the one certainty about which is that they are certain not to be permanent. " Self-determination " is

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the panacea propounded for the regenerated life of mankind, but self-determination carried out strictly to extremes in every little would-be autonomy is deplored by those who seek international thinking, and, if logically fulfilled, is simple anarchy.

We hailed the arrival of a "bloodless," democratic revolution in Russia after ages of oppression and cruelty, relieved by assassination and insurrection, as the triumphant success of an enslaved people, forgetting all history. After two years' experience of its results, shaping themselves to anarchy, we seem ready to believe with the same mad credulity that Central Europe is immune from the infection, and, while the flames still range higher in Slavia, ignore their awful work, and are blind to their actual spreading into the fields where the Kaisers have made ready the fuel; and self-determination again means anarchy.

As for the Russian situation it is not needful to follow in detail the various sporadic movements with various local and special objectives, under Generals "One-ski" or "T'other-off," growing up as iridescent bubbles swell from a mephitic marsh to a bursting point, and a collapse. He who runs can read the diagnosis of the great epidemic.

Our "intrusion" at first might have been directed largely to aid the "coöperative" societies, eagerly accepting loans and perhaps partnerships from friendly foreigners. How soon and how widely the news of such sympathy would have spread and fructified! No official recognition was possible to a "government" based on confiscation and repudiation, and it was necessarily spurned by it, unless coming from an anarchist state, but it would not have been challenged any more than the British Government was challenged when cargoes of food were sent to famine-suffering Ireland.

How great was the error which failed to apply the remedy in the early stages of it, instead of helplessly watching and by inaction coddling the infant disease in Russia and allowing it to come to the defiant stage of maturity when it has to be challenged, as it had become a formidable adversary and may possess revolutionary Germany, so that the soldiers of America may have to fight a Russo-German-Bolshevik army! Think of it! When, lest offence should be taken by the Lenine-Trotsky group, and through urgency perhaps of those "red radicals" among ourselves who wanted it "recognized" and made so much of the panic terror of Japan hav-

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ing part therein, a little force of Americans and our Allies was not allowed to accompany for "police protection" a proposed Mission of Mercy with supplies and food and engineering help for the Russian people!

There is no desire to offer any particular suggestion from "the ranks," but only to exercise the right to see, and to say what he sees, which must be exercised by the citizen if democracy is to be made safe for the world. As Americans it is our right and duty to see and to say how our country is to "function" in the conditions before us, facing them fairly and courageously.

Anarchy is the menace of this great moment in the world's history. There are many claiming to be leaders of opinion, it must be recognized with shame, who believe it is the necessary vestibule to the new freedom and that class-war is inevitable and desirable!

The function of America with her experience, her history and traditions and the place she holds today in the minds of men as true democracy's representative, is to hold them to *via media*, to an orderly democracy, containing as we believe full generative power.

Against king-craft defiance seems needless, and eager eyes are watching and hot tongues denouncing everywhere the grasping plans of capital and privilege, but anarchy now, enfranchised from special war-time restraint, unafraid is ruling in one quarter of the world, is coming to grips in Europe and perhaps even at home, where it has its most wicked and dangerous advocates who have even their organs of publicity among ourselves. These witnesses inspired to coddle anarchy yet can not be brought to do so without misgivings. One of these publications, which in one place demands withdrawal of all military force protecting property and checking, upon its fringes, some of the Russian Terror, because "war has not been declared," in another column suggests that the horrors of it may serve the good turn of warning, which the exposure of the drunken Helot did to Plato's "aristocratic" youth of Athens. Those who edit and support these organs are to be reminded that while Danton, Marat and Robespierre have their apologists, none has been found for "Philippe Egalite."

ERVING WINSLOW.

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THE TWELFTH OF FEBRUARY, 1918

BY MARY HUMPHREY

LINCOLN'S birthday was all that a holiday ought to be, even in a strange land that knows it not. After weeks of rain, the Lorraine sky was so blue the little white clouds seemed swimming in a summer sea. There was that snap in the air that makes it like wine. I thought of the school children at home, of the days that are so unreal now when I used to dread the hour that I must stand up gulping to say "Fourscore and seven years ago"—what a relief when "These dead shall not have died in vain" was safely reached!

As I went early to my work in the prefecture I was thinking, a trick of fancy, of the dead who have proved anew the glory of the battlefield. Here in the war zone with the dull distant booming that becomes the heavy background for all earthly sounds, the meaning of death has been transfigured. This war of today is only the world phase of the war our Lincoln waged to its victorious end, the greatness of the cause transfiguring all the steps up to the hallowed place he shares with the martyrs.

I worked in the dusty old room, among the archives that tell many a story of Nancy, its days of beauty and pride, its stormy course through the dark struggle of 1870, its great part in this cataclysm. Never has the place echoed to such excited voices. For the official decree has gone forth, citizens are to leave as quietly as possible. The people are coming to hear the news and to receive their cards of permission. There is no argument, only the soft tears of despair and grief. I feel the deep current of human misery, but through it runs the electric flash of heroism, of the ultimate sacrifice.

I cannot see to fill out my record cards for tears shed with Madame G. who comes with her old man-servant and maid. They refuse to leave her. Will Monsieur order them to go? Her own possible doom—she shakes her head—what

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has the world, safe though it be, for her, with her two sons fallen on the field before her beloved city? But this stupid peasant pair that have served her so long must be forced into a place of safety.

A young factory worker, her wee baby in her arms, stands pleading for the two children she has housed and cared for since their parents were killed in the air raid of October last. She will stay on in the munitions factory if only they can leave by tomorrow's train.

An army officer comes in for papers for his family and servants. His face is anxious and his fingers twitch as he talks. The trains are so crowded, the wife is nervous—the day is too bright for excited nerves. I glance out—can any day be too bright for love and joy? It is Lincoln's birthday, a day for celebration far away at home.

A long line is waiting as we leave the building at noon—peasants in sabots and little knitted shoulder shawls staring straight ahead. They know, for they sought refuge here months ago when Pont-à-Mousson, when Gerbéviller were bombed. They have tasted exile and it is not sweet and now they must go forth again, a long journey where the accent of Lorraine is not familiar.

The Red Cross camions have been busy all day, transporting the possessions of this home-loving people. Strong arms from across the sea have lifted ancestral marriage chests, they have stored carved wooden beds and marble-topped French tables. The boys have cheered and comforted tear-stained housewives who clung to the great bundles of linen and the precious family quilts. They have whistled *Yankee Doodle* and *Over There* to the envy of the small Renés and Pierres to whom all this mighty excursion is a dream adventure come true. It's hard work, but definite and concrete. They see what service they are doing. They hear the words of gratitude and feel how great is the tragedy.

"I never supposed any one could care so much about things," said a khaki-clad truck driver to me, as he stopped to wipe his forehead; "with us folks at home, we move so often, up in one flat and down in another, you know. If a piece of furniture don't fit, we sell it to the next fellow moving in and swap with the one moving out—that's the way we do this house-moving stunt out in Chicago where I hail from. But these poor folks—they tell me it's their great-great-grandmother's wedding-bed, or that's the table some

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great-uncle made, or this is the esquitoire—is that what you call it? of some duke or other—and the linen! They just cry over their linen—it all looks like rags to me, but if they feel so bad about it, I try to be as careful as they are—and anyway the poor devils are getting the worst of this Fritz game."

He glanced up apprehensively. I looked up too. The sky was so blue, so blue. Far overhead a tiny bird was winging its way. A soft hum, like the memory of sound, came through the ether. The bird seemed to swoop, the wings spread, became suddenly pointed golden shafts, then turned to gleaming silver. The whispered hum became an insistent and sharp whir.

"Aviators on the job, all right, all right. Fritz will have his hands full tonight."

"Why do you keep harping on Fritz?" I said impatiently. "You take all the wine out of spring on a glorious day like this. If you're from Chicago, you must remember —it's Lincoln's birthday! Don't spoil the holiday!"

"So it is." He laughed a bit wistfully. "I reckon the kids are fourscoring all over the State!"

We Americans live in what was a humble French boarding-house. Now the turn of war has made it a popular centre and it is full to overflowing, with two or three tucked into tiny single rooms, making for mine host a harvest that helps to compensate for our overweening ways. The French officers are an exclusive group, sitting at their own table and eyeing with disfavor the vulgar display of wealth shown in our own sugar and butter. There are provincials, heavy-bearded merchants, and quick-eyed, dapper little Frenchmen. Among the Americans are two ladies who have been serving the wounded in small hospitals, day by day going the rounds, supplying through a great committee in the States the little needs that mean so much in the regaining of health and strength. There is a fine, athletic girl, young and enthusiastic, who drives their car. There are several nurses of a unit doing dispensary work in near-by towns in the line of fire and falling bombs.

And last there are the truck drivers, three tables full of fine young American boys, rejected by Uncle Sam, enlisted in the Red Cross camion service,—a good-natured, ready-witted bunch, struggling with a new language, trying to

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understand a race that does things in the most unexpected and roundabout way. They lead the pert little maid a merry chase, confusing her count, addressing her in English and French, teasing and helping her, and looking out for all of us in the friendly openhearted American way.

They troop in late to dinner. Some have washed and brushed up a bit, others dirty and tired come direct from a fractious motor.

"Anybody's a fool that tries to drive without understanding these new gears," grumbles Bob, the big fellow from Pittsburgh.

"I never had no trouble with mine," says the one they call Ham, "you had too big a load and you jammed her home too quick."

"Well, she's laid up now and Lloyd 'll give it to me when he knows it," is the reply. "There's the whole blooming hospital of wounded to move in the morning——"

Lloyd, their chief, comes in and takes his place—short, well built, with sharp black eyes, cited more than once while he was with the Ambulance. He begins to outline the work for the morning. There is much laughter over the day's experiences. Suddenly one of them lifts his head.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'—thought I heard a gun——"

"You've got 'em——"

"Pass the panne, Henriette."

Leisurely we were folding our napkins after an hour at table. The next thing I knew I was standing against the wall, looking at a truck driver pushing the others ahead of him. Something was carrying us all out through the door. The windows were rattling as though giant hands were shaking them. There had been a quick explosion, it seemed in the garden just outside, followed by crashing, breaking, crushing, tearing of timbers and iron, of plaster and glass and stone. Simultaneously the heavy roll of the big guns, the sharp snapping yap of the rapid firers, the bursting of shrapnel, the din and chaos of savage cannon.

The stairs to the cave were full of rushing people. Frenchmen struggled, old women whimpered with fear, a little girl wept aloud for her mother, frantically calling her from the cellar below. The truck drivers were shoving people ahead, calling to the maids to go down first.

Once in the cellar the din sounded a bit further away.

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There was no air. White faces began to move before my eyes. Why did every one have such trembling lips, why did their eyes look so big and hollow? The French drew off by themselves and settled down for the night. An old lady quavered piteously and asked questions. The boys joked and laughed, counting the crashes that seemed to be exploding bombs. The two American women stood quietly, strengthening us all by their composure.

Finally there came a lull and Lloyd motioned that we might venture out for air. Through the dark halls we felt our way to the street door. Quiet voices were discussing the amount of danger. Suddenly there was a blinding flash in the sky, shrapnel pattered on the pavement, the anti-aircraft barked again. Through the garden came a little girl, her face ghastly, her eyes round with horror.

"Some one called, they want help," she gasped to Lloyd, who went to meet her. "The café on the corner is destroyed."

On the corner—just a few doors away, all the houses in a row touching each other. A cosy little room was that café, where all day French soldiers could be seen over their wine and newspapers, and where our American boys were in the habit of dropping in for a smoke in the evening. Kept by a woman whose young daughter waited on the customers, it was a place of quiet, friendly cheer.

In an unknowing way I looked about me. Lloyd was gone, one of the trained nurses, a number of the Red Cross boys and the girl chauffeur. One wonders what he will do in such an hour, under the shot and shell of attack in the war zone. I felt a great sense of being face to face with realities. Another savage crashing and banging, the stinging ping of the busy Archies.

"Let's see if we can help."

We hurried out to the street and into another world. The stars were shining gloriously, golden lamps swinging in the sky throughout the ages. Like a tired lady the halfmoon rode down her course. The wind lapped at our faces. Dark forms ran past us, muttering and gasping. The street was filled with débris. Fine powdered dust was settling down. Soldiers with dim lanterns motioned us to the side. I saw the Red Cross boys carrying something, some one. People were pushed back and sharp words of command from the gendarmes maintained a certain order.

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On the corner a great hole and jagged walls from which had been wrenched a living home. The very timber and stone that remain seem like bleeding flesh. A bed hangs out over empty space and the blankets flap in the wind. There is an expectant hush, the solemnity of death is in the air.

"Ah," says a voice and one of the officials supervising the rescue work stops to greet us, "you Americans are wonderful—when the Préfét arrives, your woman doctor and nurse are the first ones he finds here."

From the darkness into the dim light comes the doctor, her bag on her arm.

"Nothing to do but give a little morphine," she says shortly. "They are past help."

My eyes fall on a man's face, gashed and bleeding, distorted with the horror that has swept him out into the deep current—a soldier he had been, visiting his mother before he returned to the trenches.

"The little boy is dead," the doctor went on, "and the little waitress—the girl was caught on her way to the cave. We could staunch the hemorrhage, but she died—in agony."

That poilu on leave—and the children——

Something I never knew before rises up within me. Through a long line my people are speaking within my soul, those grandfathers who fought in the Revolution, who bled at Shiloh. I feel my resolve, born in this hour, go rushing forth with all the hosts of those who witness and endure tonight.

> It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated . . .
> The great task remaining before us . . .
> These dead shall not have died in vain . . .

It is Lincoln's birthday, in France.

MARY HUMPHREY.

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TOUL

BY BURGES JOHNSON

STEADFAST the hills of Toul,
  Ever to northward gazing,
Stand with a warrior's pride,
Unsleeping, steady eyed,
  Over the broken plain their serried heads upraising.

Ancient, unwavering, armored from greave to helm,
  Mighty as Right, and uncompromising as Truth;
Sternly you challenge each foe that would overwhelm,—
  Yet gather about your armor the warm green togas of youth.
Drawn to the friendly shadow where the hems of your garments are reaching,
Assemble the children of men, your wardenship shyly beseeching.
Timorous in their mortality they have thronged to the feet of the hills,
And your quiet immutable courage has nurtured their puny wills.

Towering twin spires pointing God-ward,
They alone, mighty hills, scarcely heed you,—
  They seem in their faith not to need you,
But have 'stablished their gentle rule
  Over the age-tinted roofs of the city of Toul.

Breached are the circling walls, crumbled and broken down,
Where the errorless guns of Time have battered the ancient town;
Bridging deep moats with the dust of eroding centuries past,
With fetters of root and vine binding each drawbridge fast.
And the hoary watch-towers stand facing across the keep,
Their eyelids filmed with moss and closed in a dreamless sleep.
Time bears no withered grudge, but is proven a kindly foe
Who smiles on the broken toys of the foemen of long ago.

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He has seen them playing their games of war and harked to their battle calls,
And marked them scooping their moats of sand and rearing their pebble walls.
And he decks them now with his living wreaths, and leaves them beautified
As monuments whereon men may gaze with a cleansed and worthy pride.

Beyond the ancient city walls green undulating farm lands reach,
Fields that have cherished all who toiled, and granted simple gain to each.
Here peaceful folk, who yet have formed stern ranks in war have steeled their wills;
A gentle folk, who yet have proved a kinship to their steadfast hills.
And here amid their shattered homes the ready-handed women toil,
And delve or reap, all undismayed, to keep the faith with their own soil;
Though it be plowed as hell is plowed, nor ever granted any rest,
Though day by day sees deeper wounds disfiguring its generous breast;
And suns shine kindly on a foe who spares not fane nor ancient rune,
And Death flies over in the night, directed by the traitorous moon.
Stern sentries ribbed and girt with rock; though old as Time, still standing fast,
Are these fresh scars in roof and field a proof you fail your trust at last?

Moon mistress, here your lover-city lies,
Weary of war, and seeks an hour for dreams;
Sleeping he smiles 'neath your caressing beams—
Is there another lovelier in your eyes?
Oh calm Delilah in your white nun's garb,
What wanton's bribe has bought your soul away?
You lead the mad assassin to his prey
And guide the flight of that death-dealing barb.
You could betray him—he who couched his lance
As champion of beauty all his days.
You seem alight with faith. Yet as I gaze
Your light reveals the gaping wounds of France.

Twin spires of Toul, fretted against the sky—
A spirit-city's upward pointing fingers—
You tell of faith unwavering, still held high
Despite that Judas one whose pale light lingers
Upon your pinnacles. Not even Time
Has touched your forms in aught save love and awe.

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And from your courtyard throbs a steady rime—
From feet of those that come to learn your law.
I hear them singing there within your door,—
Men from the gun-pit, women from the plow.
I hear your bells ring clearly as of yore
With tongues that never sang so sweet as now.
Fled is the foeman, faded every danger,
Gone is the blighting threat of foul misrule.
"We are Truth", the hills shout;
"We are Faith", the bells sing,
Clanging their song above the clustered roofs of Toul.

BURGES JOHNSON.

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LOWELL AS CRITIC

BY JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P.

DR. JOSEPH J. REILLY'S verdict, in his *James Russell Lowell as a Critic*, that Lowell is "not a critic," raises the question, Who is? For surely our final estimate of Lowell turns on that. Dr. Reilly's verdict implies that there are critics who set the standard, who succeed where Lowell fails, who accomplished what he missed. He fell short in philosophic depth, in consistency, in breadth of sympathy, in the power even to unify his separate literary estimates by coherent principles of judgment. I admit, in general, Dr. Reilly's indictment, and would at points even carry it further.

Lowell's philosophy, on the side of psychology (or, as the experts might put it, on the side of epistemology) is a quite empirical assimilation of the transcendentalism in which he was, so to speak, brought up; and which he later had the air of dismissing, when it had become popular. It is just a form of Emerson's dogma of the secret augury, the supremacy of intuition—a mode of thinking which stultifies itself at the first step by ignoring all the contrary intuitions which its very statement implies. Again and again does Lowell dispose of a critical problem by asserting that intuition ("the illuminating property of intuition") is above reason, thus always evoking from any one who has taken three steps in the argument the question, Is it reason or intuition that is speaking? If the latter, there is, in the terms of the proposition, no appeal to reason, to reflection, to judgment. There is formally such an appeal, but with the logical implication, "You must assent without reflection." What then *is* such an assent? If on the other hand the appeal is really to reason, what becomes of the alleged "supremacy" of intuition? It is reason that is to give the decision.

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The solution is simple enough. The dispute, like so many more, is set up by mere slovenly handling of words. To Emerson's maxim, "Revere your intuitions" the answer is the modification: "Revere the intuitions which you have tested, which satisfy your deliberate reason: otherwise you are merely deifying caprice, or emotion, or self-will." And to Lowell the answer is, that inasmuch as in these deliverances he is merely putting the poetry of feeling above the poetry of ratiocination, he is not touching the philosophic issue at all. Not only is the formula false, but its obtrusion is a confusing irrelevance.

Lowell's inadequacy on this side is further made fatally clear by Dr. Reilly's analysis of his hopeless self-contradiction on the theme of "character" as not only the basis but the mark of literary greatness. One wonders how a man of letters could so pronounce. He must have met a hundred men of admirable character who had no literary gift; in his reading he must have found twenty famous and gifted writers whose characters left much to be desired. To put the condition of character as primary is to raise the question, What of Catullus? What of Aristophanes? What of Villon? What, on different planes, of Rousseau, of Coleridge, of Burns, of Byron, of Heine, of Poe? Are we, in the name of morals, to deny ourselves the comfort of knowing that flawed and ill-balanced men have produced beautiful things? As well affirm that all the good ones have done so. Lowell's dogma collapsed in his own hands when he came to apply it to Rousseau, and he affected to salve it by the pseudo-corollary that the genius is greater than the man—its explicit negation. Yet he never realized his collapse; and the two terms of a contradiction stand as the pillars of his aesthetic creed.

A mind which thinks thus incoherently will do its work of simple generalization badly; and Lowell often commits the primary intellectual sin of making a generalization on the strength of an instance. At one point, for him, Milton's "place is fixed as the most classic of our poets"; at another, Goldsmith's *Village* and *Traveller* are "perhaps the most truly classical poems in the language"—which sets us asking where we are to place Gray. It is singular that a mind so little given to the exactness of definition which is required for classification should be constantly given to classifying. One of the results is a perpetually shifting heirarchy of

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English poets. Of Dryden we are told that " In the second class of English poets perhaps no one stands, on the whole, so high as he," but what the second class is we can never make out. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, singly considered, are all hailed as " great " poets; but of the " *very* greatest " it is asked, " is there, after all, more than one of them? "; and when we come expressly to Shakespeare, " it may be doubted whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one *truly* great poet." Here the circumscribing condition is the language, apparently; in the essay on Spenser it had been national deficiency of " secreted choice material " that left the void between him and Chaucer. Yet the abundant material of the nineteenth century yields almost nothing great after Wordsworth, to Lowell's vision.

The laxity of generalization correlates with the lapses from catholicity. Many readers must have wondered how Lowell, so ineffectual as a serious poet (though a humorous one of great power and merit) could write as he did of " the dainty trick of Tennyson," and dwell on the failure of Arnold. Could it be that he put his own work higher? Surely not: the blindness was part of his general failure to " open new windows " to new stars, the conservatism which left him quite unappreciative of the bulk of the great modern product of prose fiction, whether English or Continental, after Thackeray and Balzac and Hawthorne. It is part of the penalty of unchastened impressionism that it thus ceases to be impressionable, for lack of mental gymnastic. It is indeed not safely to be inferred that because Lowell wrote no essay on fiction after Fielding he could not have done so with power and zest; twice he speaks of Hawthorne in terms of the highest admiration; and had he written at length on Thackeray he would probably have elaborated finely his just praise of that master. But for the great French and Russian masters he had apparently no recognition; and Ibsen did not interest him.

With great justice does Dr. Reilly condemn Lowell's dismissal of Greene as a wholly worthless dramatist—an inequity to be explained only by Lowell's resentment of Greene's deathbed insolence to Shakespeare. A true critic must not do these things: here we have Lowell's own backing:

> I have often thought [he writes in the Shakespeare essay] that unless we can so far free ourselves from our own prepossessions as to be capable of bringing to a work of art some freshness of sensation,

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and receiving from it in turn some new surprise of sympathy and admiration—some shock even, it may be, of instinctive distaste and repulsion—though we may praise or blame, weighing our *pros* and *cons* in the nicest balances, sealed by proper authority, *yet we do not criticise in the highest sense.*

And again we have his weighty and memorable avowal in the "Apology for a Preface" to the English *Camelot* collection of his essays (misentitled *The English Poets*):

> As my own excursions widened, as I opened new vistas through the crowding growth of my own prejudices and predilections, I was fain to encourage in others that intellectual hospitality which in myself I had found strengthening from an impulse till it became a conviction that the wiser mind should have as many entrances for unbidden guests as was fabled of the Arabian Prince's tent.

Shall we take this as a confession, and assume that Lowell would have pleaded guilty to many charges of heedlessness and unjudicial intolerance? The next sentence, it is true, is complacent, and shows no sense of sin; and after avowing lack of fitness for the place of a professor he confesses merely to being "quite too impatient of detail in communicating what I have acquired." But there is a clear sign of grace in the letter in which he expresses the hope that some grandchild of his may attain to the method which he never developed; and we may infer much from the contradictory judgments scattered through his essays. In one place Shelley is carelessly and indiscriminately disparaged; in several others he is highly praised; though the critic yet again names Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron as regenerating English poetry, without saying a word of Shelley or of Coleridge. In the essay on Pope we have this crude and repellent estimate of so powerful and important a book as *The Leviathan*:

> Hobbe's unwieldly Leviathan, left stranded there on the shore of the last age and nauseous with the stench of its selfishness—from this Pope distilled a fragrant oil with which to fill the brilliant lamps of his philosophy,—

which Pope certainly did *not* do, by Lowell's own showing. One wonders that the Muse of English prose should not have defended one of her sons from such an assault by such a hand. But in the essay on Milton we read that

> Hooker before him and Hobbes after him had a far firmer grasp of fundamental principles than he;

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which is something of an amends. But why those veerings of judgment? Was it a matter of moods, or of writing at one time with knowledge after writing without? I suspect it was the latter, as I suspect him rather of not having read Spenser or even Chaucer through and through than of wilfully shutting his eyes when he ascribed to the former a Quixotic purity and to the latter only an unqualified "healthiness," while he asperses Dunbar for coarseness. He seems to have put together his essays from material written at different times. Plainly, as Dr. Reilly shows, he forgot some things about Dryden which in another page of the same essay he indicates; and his two flatly contradictory pronouncements about Pope's malice raise the questions whether his mood actually swayed his memory, or whether he never bethought him of revising his essays. In the essay on Chaucer, which is early, he writes of

> the difference between Aeschylus and Euripides, between Shakespeare and Fletcher, *between Goethe and Heine, between literature and rhetoric.*

That almost escapes the minimum limit so quaintly claimed for Carlyle's criticism by Lord Morley, that it is "never indecently absurd." In the latter essay on the said Carlyle, Lowell recognises that Heine could "combine the most airy humor with a sense of form as delicate as Goethe's own"; and, having now read Heine, would doubtless have retracted what he wrote in critical ignorance. But in the essay on Pope, again, he rhapsodizes over the erst despised Fletcher: "What instinctive felicity of versification! What sobbing breaks and passionate repetitions are here!" And this time we still dissent, for in the cited speech of thirteen lines there are six of Fletcher's double-endings, two of them being "about me"—a repetition neither felicitous nor passionate. Thus did the balance vary with mood and season; and we can but trust that in some mood he saw the iniquity of summing up all Euripides as rhetoric.

But generalizations in Lowell's hands are too often instruments framed for a momentary purpose, and forgotten as soon as used. In the essay on Dante, his most careful performance on the side of learning, and therefore probably composed over a long period, the question of Milton's and Dante's different management of the gigantic in imagery is thus decisively disposed of:

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We read the *Paradise Lost* as a poem, the *Commedia* as a record of fact. It is false aesthetics to confound the grandiose with the imaginative.

A few pages further on we read:

To consider his [Dante's] hell a place of physical torture is to take Circe's herd for real swine. . . . His hell is a condition of the soul.

Two diametrically opposite generalizations, two flatly contradictory rescriptions, are applied to the same data for different dialectic purposes, and both are left standing, the immediate purpose being served. It would be difficult to be more lawless in a fair cause. We are compelled to conclude that it was either a radical defect in logical faculty, a congenital lack of conceptual coherence, or an overplus of perceptual impressionism, or both, that so often yields in Lowell these wills-o'-the-wisp of generalization. He is always sadly at the mercy of a false thought. In the essay on Pope (in which he notes of that poet how " an epigrammatic expression will tempt him into saying something without basis in truth ") he writes:

Pope had *one of the prime qualities of a great poet* in exactly answering the intellectual needs of the age in which he lived—

a monstrosity of mistake. Obviously that cannot be the prime quality of a great poet which is possessed by a multitude of merely popular poets, and is avowedly lacked by some great ones. His own notation of the fact that Milton died without foretaste of fame from his chief work might alone have withheld the critic from marking contemporary vogue a prime quality of a *great poet*—in one to whom he expressly and rightly denied poetic greatness.

That his mental machinery was unstable is further suggested by his contradictions in terms and his contradictions in taste. He is indeed to be credited with a generally fine palate; but he startles us by pronouncing that to make " Heaven " a person is in Pope an inelegancy, after—or before—defending that very usage against Dryden as good old English, used by Dryden himself;[1] and again when, con-

[1] Lowell at this point cites Jonson for the usage: he does not mention that it occurs twice in one scene of *Richard II.*

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demning Pope's " ethereal plain," he cites as a delightful sample of " lack of simplicity " Quarles's

> In Abram's bosom, *on the sacred down of soft eternity,*

He himself declares that " To look at all sides, and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is doubtless the duty of a critic." To that precept he did not conform. It was itself, for him, the verdict of a too rare mood—the right mood; and the other moods often prevailed.

In fine, we are moved to agree with Mr. Greenslet[1] that Lowell had a " complex and *wilful* intellect," and again that in the case of a man so many-sided in his studies " some of his dislikes and indifferences are specially surprising." So that when Mr. Greenslet goes on to avow his conviction that

> nowhere in American literature is there so remarkable an instance of how the very great gifts of talent, nay, genius itself, may fail of their full fruition through the slightest inattention to the counsels of perfection

it is with a mixture of relief and surprise that an old admirer of Lowell comes to the next sentence: " Of Lowell's extraordinary critical virtues there is less need to speak at length." It seems to me that there is pressing need, especially after Dr. Reilly has followed up Mr. Greenslet with such systematic and telling consorship. But it is clear that the tribute must be circumspectly paid; and above all, our estimate must be comparative. It must have regard to the other critical work of the age, putting again the question, Who is " the " or " a " critic if Lowell is not one?

One of Dr. Reilly's searching criticisms of Lowell as critic is to the effect that he generally failed to reduce or refer a critical estimate to " some radical principle either in the mind or in the art of the author." The criticism is weighty in so far as it is true; and the implied test is of great critical importance. But are we entitled to say quite confidently that there always is " some radical principle " that will unify a critical case? And does Lowell always fail to establish any?

If there be a radical and unifying principle in Dr. Reilly's own able criticism of Lowell, it is that Lowell lacked philosophic depth, power of " penetration," of scientific analysis. But that is only a negative principle, a statement of defect; and even at that it is supplemented by others, one being that Lowell suffered from not living (in Arnold's early phrase)

[1] *Biography of James Russell Lowell,* by Ferris Greenslet.

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" at the centre," a judgment in which Dr. Reilly coincides with Mr. Greenslet. Both critics are here very kind to us of London; but I hesitate to acquiesce, even for London, in so large a compliment. Arnold, living more or less " at the centre," was so dissatisfied with English criticism and culture in general that he called for an Academy to rectify the critical disorder which he detected alike in metropolis and province. Macaulay lived at the centre, and Arnold held him " intolerable " for his Philistinism. Carlyle came to the centre, but did not visibly purify his fires, or refine his criticism, in middle and later life. And is it really probable that Lowell, with his lack of philosophic thoroughness, would have become quite a tower of strength if he had lived in London as many years as he did seasons?

Dr. Reilly, indeed, does not suggest this; he is pointing to flaws of manner and taste and moral tone. But flaws of manner as serious as any of Lowell's are charged against the centripetal Macaulay and Swinburne, to name no others. Dr. Reilly thinks London life temporarily cured Lowell of his propensity to the superlative; but it assuredly never cured Swinburne. And some of us will undertake to make out against Arnold the critic—certainly with many differences—about as long an indictment as Dr. Reilly draws up against Lowell.

Lowell's criticism of *Hamlet,* and his merely panegyric handling of Shakespeare's work as a whole, are two of the counts against him as a critic; but here, at least, he is pretty much on a par with Coleridge. The latter, indeed, though he found a false solution of the enigma of the play in an untenable thesis of Hamlet's character, adopted by Lowell, did lay his finger confidently on some of the non-Shakespearean matter in the Shakespeare plays, whereas Lowell never did and never sought to, a singular abstention on the part of such a believer in intuition, who maintained that Shakespeare's style defied imitation—only, indeed, to contradict himself on the point later, as Dr. Reilly notes. But both Coleridge and Lowell wholly failed to relate their criticism of *Hamlet* to the fact that the play is a recast of an old one, although Lowell refers to the old story on which the whole is founded. Only by a structural comparison of play and story, and a deduction of Kyd's part in shaping the play-plot, can a true critical comprehension of the work be reached; and such an analysis, I am prepared to maintain, will vindi-

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cate Voltaire's objection, which strikes against Kyd's primary dislocation of the sham-madness motive by the introduction of the Ghost. But in failing to make that analysis Lowell is at one with all the Shakespearean critics of his and our day.

That he is to be lowered in critical status by comparing him, as Dr. Reilly does, with Hazlitt and De Quincey, I confess I cannot see. Hazlitt, surely, is an impressionist, if ever there was one, and albeit generally trustworthy, is no deep searcher of critical problems. Lamb, indeed, in his two great critical essays, markedly excels Lowell in a kind of critical thinking at which Lowell aimed, as he excelled every other Shakespearean—perhaps not without stimulus from Coleridge's talk. But De Quincey does not become a great critic by his essay *On the knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*—to which, by the way, Lowell offers no bad parallel in his defence of the gravediggers' scene in *Hamlet,* the ironic interlude before the catastrophe; and De Quincey's dichotomy of the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, though strikingly put, is only another way of distinguishing between the scientific or ratiocinative and the oracular modes of teaching. There is more depth, surely, in the Coleridge-Wordsworth dictum that the true antithesis is not between poetry and prose but between poetry and science—or in Wordsworth's further-leading though only partially right thesis that poetry is "the impassioned expression that is in the countenance of all science." And all this leaves Lowell uneclipsed.

Will even the great performance of Sainte-Beuve serve to put Lowell out of court as a critic? Sainte-Beuve was assuredly a much more diligent and productive student of men and life than Lowell, saner as a humanist, more catholic as a connoisseur of personality, more capable of seeing individuals as wholes; even as, doubtless, Arnold in several ways excelled him as a surveyor of life and its problems. But always we come back to the inevitable *per contra.* Sainte-Beuve is unanswerably accused, by Frenchmen who highly appreciate his great mass of work, of giving way, even ignobly, to personal rancours; even of downright *canailleries,* as when, after flattering excessively the living, he aspersed the dead Chateaubriand on points of character as to which Chateaubriand's record was more easily defensible than his own. But, yet again, Sainte-Beuve's work, which runs so much to the pre-

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sentment of character in its environment, is so largely different in aim from Lowell's, so essentially biographic, that its great merits really cannot serve as a foil or touchstone by which to bar Lowell from critical status. Sainte-Beuve never attempted such things as Lowell's appreciations of Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Lessing; and I incline to think that had Lowell devoted an essay to Virgil he would have given us a more luminous and stimulating, though doubtless a far less orderly account of the *Æneid* than Sainte-Beuve's course of lectures, which begins by declining to pass an opinion as to the genuineness or spuriousness of the four rejected introductory lines. Sainte-Beuve, in turn, with all his lucidity, was no rigorous thinker on deep problems. "Like Solomon and like Epicurus," the wrote of himself, "I have penetrated into philosophy by pleasure. That avails better (*vaut mieux*) than to arrive there painfully by logic, like Hegel and like Spinoza." [1] But he thought more searchingly than did Lowell on his own procedure; and he has given us another *Pensée* which may serve to guide us finally to the right point of view for our estimate of Lowell:

> Concerning criticism I think two things, which seem contradictory but are not so:
>
> 1. The critic is a man who *knows how to read,* and who teaches others to read.
>
> 2. Criticism, as I understand it and as I seek to practise it, is an *invention,* a perpetual *creation.* (*Id.* xiii)

This is the philosophic and psychological truth that generalizes the product alike of scientist and poet, of impressionist and analytic reasoner. Each conceives, constructs, and expresses his own world in his own way. Sainte-Beuve "creates" his great gallery of personages out of his closely studied material, "inventing," as he says, the figure he produces for us. Lowell "creates" with a difference, getting his impressions less judicially, more spontaneously, trusting his "intuitions" until further knowledge moves him tacitly to discard them, and then giving us the second thoughts as he gave us the first. But the fact remains that each in his own way is an artist in judgment, a constructor of ideal figures out of impressions, as was Carlyle the historian, and no less Macaulay or Michelet; as was Taine the historian-critic, and as was Hennequin the scientific critic.

[1] *Pensées,* vii, at end of *Derniers Portraits Littéraires,* ed. 1855.

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Trying to see Lowell as a whole, as an organism, as Sainte-Beuve might conceivably have seen him, we find a man primarily endowed with a great gift of copious literary expatiation, highly "impressionistic," and only under pressure of challenge analytic. Clearly typical, as Mr. Greenslet notes, are such essays as *My Garden Acquaintance,* and the *Fireside Travels,* where expatiation is seen at natural play without the stimulus of books. Psychically, he is not well balanced; and the heredity is even menacing. The father seems to have been amiably Quixotic, the mother, credited with "second sight," becomes insane; the sister shows a similar tendency. The young Lowell is hyper-sensitive, enthusiastic, unstable, changing his youthful opinions almost as readily as did Coleridge, and become much of a zealot for new convictions.

Impressionist on all sides to begin with, he becomes fixed through his emotions and affections: there is no scientific bias to carry him further. In philosophy, he runs through the environing Transcendentalism without reaching any philosophic conclusions beyond an Emersonian form of Theism. His psychic anchorage proves rather to be literature, in the habitual study of which he seems to find a medicinal and formative ministry.

An uneducated Lowell, a peasant, would have been an exceptional talker on the things around him; but might have tended to social failure on the side of his sensitiveness and spells of melancholy. Literature in the end braced and balanced him. Alternating between boisterously high animal spirits (of which the artist Charles Akers gave a notable account in the *New England Magazine* of December, 1897) and melancholy, he found in his faculty for hard reading, though mainly in *belles lettres,* his best security against himself. Few men reputed healthy have shown a greater physical fluctuation in mood than he records of himself; and a stay was needed. Lacking any turn for hard systematic thinking, for science of any kind, natural or human, he found what mental discipline he had by way of attention to imaginative literature, mainly that of the European post-classic past.

Such a study gave him no training in logic, in evidence, in inductive analysis. True, he worked hard at Italian and Old French; but in English, where he was most at home, he is hardly a trustworthy expert. Discussing the scansions of

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Chaucer, he confidently reads " the more he " and " the more he " in two successive lines of the Legend of Lucretia:

> And ay the more he was in despair,
> The more he coveted and thought her fair—

where Skeat supplies in the first line the missing " that," from three MSS., and the Globe editors give it without caring to mention the false reading. Mr. Greenslet has noted, again, his double false scent from the phrase " lapped in lead," which was a standing Tudor tag; and his notion that Shakespeare's use of a sequence of words beginning in " un " came of a knowledge of Greek shows a strange inattention to Spenser. But it is not for authoritative scholarly guidance that we now read Lowell's essay on Chaucer or on Spenser, any more than for the facile historical and ethnological generalizations sprinkled through them. Their charm and their merit lie in the stirring zest; the virtuoso's enthusiasm for his beloved themes; the masterly writing, a rare literary service in itself; the untiring play of wit and judgment and feeling, captivating as the springing eloquence of a great orator. " Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer? " he begins; and straightway he proceeds to talk of the Old Master more vividly and arousingly than any one had done before. To many of us, in youth, it was a call to the quest of El Dorado.

Impressionist and " expressionist," his function was to expatiate, not to compare notes, or to reason reciprocally.

And the same qualification holds of his intercourse with contemporary literature. Once his tastes were formed, he learned little from the ever-enlarging mass of good nineteenth century criticism. The one great new-guiding and remoulding factor in his outlook on life was his relation to slavery and the Civil War, a result of the marked influence of his first wife. That newly-determinant factor once spent, he recognised himself as temperamentally a conservative. Such he would doubtless have been all along had he been born in England; such in fact he was in tendency while there; and such he was on the side of his very passion for literature. " What was there to hinder? ", as the farmer said of Niagara. He was a man of aesthetic and moral feeling; only under pressure of contradiction, an analyst in aesthetics or morals; positively averse to science, which, he humorously confessed, he feared as does a savage. What philosophy he

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had, moral, political, or cosmological, was thus a direct reflex or distillation of feeling, passing through no scientific medium. Transcendentalism, grown common, became for him a form of verbiage; and orthodoxy equally repelled him, but neither in philosophy nor in politics did he rebuild his inner world.

As against the view that he would have gained much by living all along "at the centre," I venture to put this other, that he was partly saved from the full sway of his temperamental conservatism by being born and brought up an American, to that extent detached from English tradition, even to the point of flaunting the detachment, and encouraged to work out for himself his special impressions and tastes. Scotchmen perhaps have a similar advantage—as in the case of Carlyle. John Mill had it, if not directly from his Scotch father, then from his isolated education; Arnold had it in youth through his French culture. As an Englishman, Lowell, I fear, would have been more commonplace.

Finding truth always and mainly on the line of his affections, his impressions, he had, however, always the benefit of their special vividness. First and foremost, he strongly liked or disliked in literature; and his own free taste early declared itself, as against the reigning Popean tradition, for the free and living way of poetry and prose—for Spenser, for Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, for Shakespeare, for Chaucer, and against Pope and Dryden and their successors. But on the one hand his conservatism, soon invincible as against most new work, made him ultimately concerned to find what there was to be said for any "classic"; while on the other hand—and this is one of the main counts in his favor as a critic—he really developed, as he himself said (albeit only within the limits of that conservatism) a power of reconsidering his impressions. In the case of Pope, the effort is so great (Dr. Reilly recognises it) as surely to entitle him there to credit for a really judicial performance —barring the incidental lapses and laxities.

But his chief successes of this kind, naturally, arise where he could at vital points strongly sympathise, as so true a Spenserian and Shakespearean (let us say, so good a judge of the older poetry) never could sympathise with Pope. To admire and praise Dryden was much easier; and Garnett reckoned the Dryden essay Lowell's masterpiece. Full of *verve* and observation it certainly is. But the really happy

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test was put when, in his maturity, he came to pass serious criticism on Wordsworth. To that two-natured poet his early attitude seems to have been predominantly one of derision, of revolt from the lakes of aqueous thought and dilute diction in which float the "glorious islets" of chronic inspiration.

So late as the essay on Carlyle, Wordsworth was for Lowell "*wholly devoid* of that shaping imagination which is the highest criterion of a poet"—truly an astonishing judgment. But while we must say with Mr. Greenslet that the well-read critic's dislikes and indifferences are surprising, we can proceed to find them all intelligible. Wordsworth's didacticism and prevailing prosaism must have been to the young Lowell intolerable. His likes and dislikes are spontaneously in keeping with his primary or acquired bias. His early admiration for Carlyle is checked and chastened by the sage's notorious contempt for Abolitionism. His great cult of old and Elizabethan English, ungoverned by any intellectual receptivity which should put him in sympathy with new thought and intellectually revolutionary tempers, deepened his recoil from the neo-Hellenism and pseudo-archaism of Swinburne into a general distaste for modern poetry and modern novels later than Hawthorne and Thackeray. Browning, in whom he had seen "the richest nature of the time," at length drove him off by his growing grittiness—unless Browning's resentment at the strange fling at Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* had something to do with Lowell's later "indifference." It needed a modernly thinking and experimenting mind to take in the new Russian, French, and Scandinavian humanists. Lessing could readily win him by loyalty to Shakespeare. Even Rousseau was a classic, concerned in bringing about the American Revolution. On reflection, it would have been really surprising if an elderly Conservative, steeped in Dante and intensely alive alike to the verse of Spenser and Shakespeare and Milton, should have taken to Ibsen.

To Wordsworth he at length turned, as every one must who can forget and forgive the presence of the prose partner in the Wordsworth combination. In the Shakespeare essay:

> Wordsworth had in some respects *a deeper insight*, and a more adequate utterance of it, than any man of his generation. But it was a piecemeal insight and utterance: *his imagination was feminine, not masculine, receptive, and not creative.* His longer poems are Egyptian

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sand-wastes, with here and there an oasis of exquisite greenery. . . . Ere this century is out, he will be nine parts dead, and immortal only in that tenth part of him which is included in a thin volume of "beauties."

In the Keats essay, we pass from the verbalism about masculine and feminine genius to the pregnant thought: "As if Wordsworth the poet were a half mad land-surveyor, accompanied by Mr. Wordsworth the distributor of stamps as a kind of keeper." That is the conception developed in the Wordsworth essay, up to the point of bringing us in sight of the physiological problem of a brain only chronically operative in its special capacity, and, for the rest, pedestrian, prosaic, uninspired. And it is the vivid and various expatiation around that view of the case that moves one to pronounce the Wordsworth essay Lowell's masterpiece, though we still get amateur allocutions on imagination, Wordsworth being now definitely credited with it, as against Wellington, in whose case "entire absence of imagination . . . perhaps helped as much as anything to make him a great general."

The Wordsworth essay has all the *verve* of that on Dryden, without the idolatry which makes the Shakespeare essay "dim with excess of bright," miscarrying by overplus of eloquence and concentration on panegyric, and that on Dante weigh heavy by excess of circumstance.

It is on the whole the most nearly orderly of his essays on the English poets. Rightly does Dr. Reilly pronounce Lowell's arrangement of his essays in general bad. They tend indeed to be quite formless—another of the penalties of impressionism ungoverned by method. Any poet, broadly speaking, is discussed in an essay on any other: free expatiation, the master faculty, is the sole directing power. And this is no small blemish. But again we must note that there is no such common attainment of good order in literary criticism as can put Lowell out of court on that score. Coleridge, Carlyle, Arnold, do not attain it. Dr. Reilly, indeed, will perhaps grant that it is hard of attainment, and that the problem rather baffled him in his own book, where the division into "The Man and the Writer," "Range of Knowledge," "Sympathy, its Breadth and Limitations," "Judicial Attitude," "Penetration," "Lowell's Type of Mind," "The Critic and his Criticism," are *prima facie* interferent, and result not only in large schematic overlappings but in many duplications of points, problems, judgments.

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And so, having ourselves in turn made returns upon our tracks, we are fain to sum up that Lowell is indeed to be pronounced an unwary critic, abounding unduly in self-contradictions and oblivious judgments, much given to very empirical psychology and philosophy, excessively ruled by moods, and finally unresponsive to new impressions through excess of prior impressionism; but still not to be denied, on these grounds, the status of an eminent critic. Despite his deficiencies, the range of his appreciations, their vividness, their general aesthetic rightness, their constant preoccupation with the problems of comparative literary merit, all forbid the exclusion. If he be expelled, and the same tests be applied all round, it will be hard to save a representative of the genus.

A great deal of truth—perhaps, indeed, the main part of it—is put in Dr. Reilly's verdict that "if Lowell is to survive, it must be frankly as an impressionist"; though I should prefer to put "an unscientific impressionist" even at that point. Lowell is indeed not the critics' critic—whoever else may be: he is too erratic to be put in command, so to speak. But neither is he negligible by the critics. It is not merely that his untiring literary energy and his rarely failing felicity of phrase are a needed reminder that all literary work should preserve the literary spirit; but that his criticism, where he has really steeped himself in his theme, is the response of a very fine receptive faculty to a great many forms of literary appeal. Rightness in these matters, once more, is a question of degree; and impressions, when all is said, are the stuff of criticism, whether it be of men or of books. Few critics put so much material, so to say, in their readers' way; and surely no English critic has explored quite so much ground with such vivacity and variety of craftsmanlike observation as are shown by Lowell. So wide is the range, indeed, that the charge of defect of sympathy with modern work suggests the question whether any brain, doing Lowell's official work, could have carried a larger literary cargo.

I would say, then, that Lowell *is* a critic, and a memorable critic, as critics go. His criticism has to be rectified, even as science is constantly being rectified; and his antipathy to science is likely to rouse a reciprocal antipathy in the scientific student. But the latter will surely admit that he in turn has no business with antipathies, and is in a manner bound to acknowledge Lowell as one of the path-breakers for a

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more scientific criticism than his own. But there is no generic gap between his product and that of his successors. They too will come in for criticism and for rectification.

Let them see to it that they not merely transcend him in circumspection and method, but retain his living hold of interest. Lowell will continue to be read by multitudes of book-loving people whom he "teaches to read," as Sainte-Beuve would say, and who do not know all the risks they run of being incidentally misled. Warned or unwarned, they find Lowell as critic excellent reading, whatever they may think of the paradoxical problem of Lowell as poet. And there seems to be much vitality in the *Biglow Papers*. Even for such readers, the facile theism which crackles in phrases like "Nothing pays but God," and "reading God in a prose translation," may ere long grow stale. But it is not quite inconceivable that, even as we still go back past the "science" of Kames and Hume to Dryden's impressionism, our children may go back past our science to Lowell.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

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EDWARD THOMAS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Two years ago, Edward Thomas was unknown outside of England, and known there only by a small group who understood his sharp and unflinching honesty. Upon his death, his work suddenly took on a heroic significance. Those who for years had neglected everything he wrote but his pungent criticism, began to appraise and praise Thomas as a national poet. No one would have scorned most of the exaggerations more than Thomas himself; he would doubtless have resented even so mild and misleading a characterization by Edward Garnett, who spoke of his "Celtic vision" as "an abiding example of the richness of our poet's inheritance."

How specious such a summary is, may be seen after the perusal of even a few pages of the edition of his recently published *Poems*. For Thomas' verse (as well as his "Celtic vision") owes less to his inheritance than it does to that of another poet—and, by a rather ironic twist, to an American poet. The genius, the influence, the inflection, even the idiom, of Robert Frost can be found in almost all of these English pages. The book itself, with its logical dedication, is a tribute to Frost the person as much as Frost the poet. And this debt is acknowledged in a dozen places; it is even revealed in the fly-leaf with its brief legend, *Other Books by Edward Thomas*. There is a list of over twenty careful volumes, including such titles as *Beautiful Wales, The Woodland Life, Oxford, Norse Tales, A. C. Swinburne, Marlborough, The Icknield Way*—travel-books, holiday books, illustrated gift-books, biographies, pot-boilers.

Hating his hack-work, yet unable to get free of it, putting most of his creative energy into uncreative labor, he had so repressed his ability that he had grown doubtful concerning his own power; it needed something altogether foreign to

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bring out what was native in him. So when Frost visited England in 1912 and for the greater part of a year became Thomas' intimate, Thomas, drinking the same poetic brew as his transatlantic associate, became intoxicated with what he had too long denied himself. Like Frost, he loved the *minutiae* of existence, the quaint and casual turns of ordinary life, the wealth of poetry in things too common to be commonly regarded as "poetic." But, unlike Frost, he was only beginning to express these things. It was a late maturing at an early middle age. What his verse lacked in vivacity it more than made up in an intense and even solemn regard for earth. The poems are full of a slow, sad contemplation of beauty and a reflection of its ultimate futility. It is not disillusion exactly; it is rather an absence of illusion. He has caught not merely "the magic of the English countryside," but the great charm of scenes so potent in their actual colors that they need no magic to give them glamor. In this he is again like his American model, and it would be pleasant to record that he has spoken for Old England what Frost has said for New England. But the voice lacks a full-throated utterance; it has the sound of something far off and yet familiar, something that might be mistaken for an echo. Turn, for instance, to the closely-observed *Fifty Faggots:*

> There they stand, on their ends, the fifty faggots
> That once were underwood of hazel and ash
> In Jenny Pinks's Copse. Now, by the hedge
> Close packed, they make a thicket fancy alone
> Can creep through with the mouse and wren. Next Spring
> A blackbird or a robin will nest there,
> Accustomed to them, thinking they will remain
> Whatever is for ever to a bird:
> This Spring it is too late; the swift has come.
> 'Twas a hot day for carrying them up:
> Better they will never warm me, though they must
> Light several Winters' fires. Before they are done
> The war will have ended, many other things
> Have ended, maybe, that I can no more
> Foresee or more control than robin and wren.

It is not only in this sort of musing that one is reminded of Frost; the turns of speech no less than the turns of thought seem like fragments from *Mountain Interval.* Even the accent is Frost's. It does not need the memory of the first lyric in *The Hill Wife* to recall the idiom. Or examine that exquisite and quiet painting, half-landscape, half-lyric, *As*

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the Team's Head-Brass, with its characteristically Frostian dialogue:

"When will they take it away?"
"When the war's over." So the talk began—
One minute and an interval of ten,
A minute more and the same interval.
"Have you been out?" "No." "And don't want to, perhaps?"
"If I could only come back again, I should.
I could spare an arm. I shouldn't want to lose
A leg. If I should lose my head, why, so,
I should want nothing more. . . . Have many gone
From here?" "Yes." "Many lost?" "Yes: a good few.
Only two teams work on the farm this year.
One of my mates is dead. The second day
In France they killed him. It was back in March,
The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if
He had stayed here we should have moved the tree."

Elsewhere the influence is more fugitive and fragmentary. In such fine poems as *The Sign Post, Tears, Lob, The Glory, Tall Nettles, The Long Small Room,* it is noticeable only in occasional phrases and a certain roundabout soliloquizing in an aftermath of emotions. But always the love of earth shines quietly through his lines. It is an unwavering affection, even though it is joy without buoyancy; a fantasy that cannot keep from being wistful. Witness, for instance, *Tall Nettles:*

Tall nettles cover up, as they have done
  These many springs, the rusty harrow, the plough
Long worn out, and the roller made of stone:
  Only the elm butt tops the nettles now.

This corner of the farmyard I like most:
  As well as any bloom upon a flower.
I like the dust on the nettles, never lost
  Except to prove the sweetness of a shower.

This natural and almost abject reverence for the soil is his authentic gift. In *Haymaking* it reaches the perfection of pictorial art; a picture of three squat oaks, a few farm laborers, a white house at the foot of a great tree:

Under the heavens that know not what years be
The men, the beasts, the trees, the implements
Uttered even what they will in times far hence—
All of us gone out of the reach of change—
Immortal in a picture of an old grange.

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Thomas was killed at Arras two years ago, fighting not merely for England, but for the English country-side which he loved in that queer blend of brusqueness and passion. He loved it with a fidelity that was exceeded only by its gravity and truth; an affection that dwelt upon things as unglorified as the unfreezing of "the rock-like mud," the opening of a long swede pile, a child's path, a list of tiny villages, birds' nests uncovered by the autumn wind, dusty nettles. It is not strange that the martial notes in this volume are few; no man cared less to make capital of his patriotism, or even of his emotions, than Thomas. For instance, the opening poem, *The Trumpet,* has none of the bluster or braggadocio that takes the place of patriotism in so much war-verse. It has, instead of glib battle-cries and loud heroics, a calm acceptance, an almost glad acknowledgment of the inevitability of conflict. Thomas was not intrigued by the slogans and "new causes" that came so easily to the lips of the verse-writers. He sang half-mournfully, half-ecstatically:

> Forget men, everything
> On this earth newborn,
> Except that it is lovelier
> Than any mysteries.
> Open your eyes to the air
> That has washed the eyes of the stars
> Through all the dewy night:
> Up with the light,
> To the old wars;
> Arise, arise!

"To the old wars"—that phrase explains Thomas' attitude not only as a soldier but as a poet. Even the last poem in the volume is, for all its national pride, a celebration of nothing more chauvinistic than English words.

These random quotations illustrate what is most typical in Thomas' work. They do not, however, show the blend of quiet fantasy and quieter fact that is his rarer but no less authentic talent.

Never a great poet, he will undoubtedly go down as one of England's lesser singers, but also as one of her greatest though possibly quietest and most reticent lovers.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE MIND OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

LAFCADIO HEARN, his wife tells us, disliked liars, abuse of the weak, "Prince Albert coats," white shirts, the City of New York, "and many other things." A sufficiently comprehensive view of the objects of a man's hostilities will infallibly paint for us that man's psychic portrait. Certainly a little of Hearn emerges out of even the brief list of his irritants so tantalizingly disclosed by his widow. A literary artist of quite another type whom we have just been reading is more considerate of her own and of future generations: Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose career is now spread before us in two volumes, has not left this vital matter of antipathies to the possibly inadequate records of a surviving consort, but has most thoughtfully and satisfyingly disclosed them to us herself. We shall not say that, in the survey of her literary contemporaries which constitutes the bulk of her "Epilogue," Mrs. Ward has painted a completely revealing portrait of her mind and soul; but if one goes to her *Recollections* for an insight into the intellectuals which produced *Robert Elsmere,* one might skip the first 472 pages and still find a perhaps sufficient revelation of the essential Mrs. Ward in her last chapter.

Three main interests have held sway over Mrs. Ward's thoughts during the half-century upon which she can look back. The first of these, she says, is "contemporary literature" (the other two, "outside of my home life," are religious development and social experiment). Observing Mrs. Ward's appraisal of those among her literary contemporaries who, like herself, have used the medium of fiction, one is impressed by the triumphant manner in which her Vic-

[1] *A Writer's Recollections,* by Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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torianism has resisted and survived. Mrs. Ward "wishes Mr. Hardy had not written *Jude the Obscure*" (she does not say why; but life speeds on, and we shall not waste time in guessing). Joseph Conrad, for Mrs. Ward, is "richly representative of what goes to make the English mind"—a mind "shaped . . . by all the customs and traditions, written and unwritten, which are the fruits of our special history and our long-descended life. *It is this which gives value often to Mr. Conrad's slightest tales*" (the italics are not Mrs. Ward's). In this, it seems, he is "at one with Mr. Kipling," though "the tone and accent are wholly different." But let us draw a friendly veil over this vision of Mr. Conrad as the embodiment of the English mind and English customs, and pass on to the alluring spectacle of Mrs. Ward giving Mr. H. G. Wells "what for" (as the lower classes say in Mrs. Ward's native island).

It will be recalled that Mr. Wells, in his impious *Boon*, presented excerpts from a series of tentative notes for a remarkable study to be devoted to "Poiometry," or the scientific measurement of literary greatness. It was there recorded that Mrs. Humphry Ward is the last of the British Victorian Great. And these further notes on Mrs. Ward, intended for subsequent development, were appended:

> Admiration of Mr. Gladstone for her work.
> Support of the *Spectator*.
> Profound respect of the American people.
> Rumor that she is represented as a sea goddess at the base of the Queen Victoria Memorial unfounded. Nobody is represented on the Queen Victoria Memorial except Queen Victoria.
> Necessity after the epoch of Mrs. Ward for more and more flagrant advertisement to reach the enlarged public.

It would seem that Mrs. Ward has failed to regard in a spirit of sweetness and light the handsome tribute implicit in Mr. Wells' perhaps excessively vivacious references. It may be true, after all, that Mr. Wells is no gentleman (he has admitted it himself). But Mrs. Ward is, of course, a lady. Testimony to the effect that King Edward VII called her "Mary" is inconclusive; but there is no doubt that she once had a pleasant chat with the Empress Frederick at Windsor, in the course of which Her Germanic Majesty described to Mrs. Ward "how she read *Sir George Tressady* [a novel of Mrs. Ward's] aloud to her invalid daughter till the daughter begged her to stop, lest she should cry over it all

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night." Furthermore, "the Empress began by asking after Uncle Matt, and nothing could have been kinder and more sympathetic than her whole manner . . . " But we wander. We were about to reflect Mrs. Ward's view of the exuberant Mr. Wells.

Mr. Wells, as seen through the critical lorgnon of Mrs. Ward, is "a journalist of very great powers, of unequal education, and much crudity of mind, who has inadvertently strayed into the literature of imagination." The "heroes" in Mr. Wells' novels—"whose names one can never recollect"—are merely Mr. Wells himself. "Who, after a few years more, will ever want to turn the restless, ill-written, undigested pages of *The New Machiavelli* again—or of half a dozen other volumes, marked often by a curious monotony both of plot and character, and a fatal fluency of clever talk?" Mr. Wells has no "charm." Why? The answer is obvious: because he writes "for a world of enemies or fools, whom he wishes to instruct or show up . . ." And Swift, who, like Wells, wrote "for a world of enemies or fools"—he, too, had no charm. Perhaps, though, Swift had "magic," which is also denied to Wells by Mrs. Ward. But would even Uncle Matt, the celebrated discoverer of literary "magic," insist that it was necessary to the equipment of a satirist?

But enough of Wells. What does Mrs. Ward think of another eminent contemporary, Arnold Bennett? Well, Bennett has "detachment" and "coolness," but, alas, he also has "ugliness"—"the ugliness of Balzac;" and his "detail," though it may be "true," is not "exquisite." Turning to yet another contemporary, Mr. Galsworthy, we find that he has not, since *The Country House,* found "a subject that really suits him"—and, as Mrs. Ward observes, "subject is everything."

It is one of Mrs. Ward's most arresting conclusions that "with the young lies the future." Yet to the young among her contemporaries she is even less kind than she is to comparative oldsters like Wells and Bennett, for she does not even mention them. Frank Swinnerton, W. L. George, J. D. Beresford, Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Rebecca West—these will never know what Mrs. Ward thinks of them, unless she invites them to tea with her and, daring the melancholy result described by the Empress Frederick, reads aloud to them

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from *Sir George Tressady* until their hearts are sufficiently softened to hear her verdict without taking offense.

But Mrs. Ward's most memorable comment on her literary contemporaries is inspired by the writings of George Meredith, which, she implies, can be fully enjoyed only by those who know little of French books and French ideals. It appears that Uncle Matt is to blame in this matter, because he so completely Gallicized Mrs. Ward's sense of literary style that Meredith, "to this day," fails to satisfy her. But one might have known that she who achieved the prose of *Marcella* and *David Grieve* would look askance at the ineptitudes of Mr. Meredith.

As for "beloved Henry James," who wrote to Mrs. Ward charming letters full of generous praise of his fellow-artist's creations, he is presented to us in the sunny light of Mrs. Ward's critical approbation—though she does confess that Mr. James, in his own fiction, thought too much about technique. *The Wings of a Dove*,[1] for example, "is almost spoiled by an artificial technique." If Mrs. Ward could only have collaborated with Henry James in the fashioning of his later novels!

You have now, perhaps, by means of these assembled reactions of Mrs. Ward to her contemporaneous literary environment, a rather vivid picture of Mrs. Ward's mind. We shall not attempt to characterize that mind, for it reveals itself with crystal clarity in all its manifestations. To call it a bourbon mind would seem, to some, what a Meredithian character called "a rough truth"—too rough, indeed, for the scrupulous; for it is the pathetic aspect of Mrs. Ward's case that she has wanted to understand. She has leaned forward eagerly out of her milieu upon more than one provocation. One must not forget her obviously sincere enthusiasm for the London Play Centers, her connection with the founding of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, her interest in what she herself has called "the liberalizing of religion." Whatever one may think of *Robert Elsmere* to-day, it is needful to remember that the book could not have been as easy to put forth thirty years ago as it would be to-day. Moreover, Mrs. Ward's serene stupidity as an observer of intellectual phenomena should not blind one to the fact that

[1] The title of this faulty novel of Mr. James', according to its author, is "The Wings of *the* Dove"; but we have quoted literally the doubtless superior version of Mrs. Ward.—L. G.

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one is witnessing a triumph of conventionality over intelligence. The lady really has a mind. The Romance scholar, the indefatigable student of Christian origins, the examiner for the Spanish Taylorian scholarship at Oxford, the faithful daily reader of Greek and Latin, causes you to turn wonderingly to pages so and so of the *Recollections* for assurance that "Uncle Matt's" niece did really think it worth while to embalm in the cold permanence of print the ineffable platitudes, the obtuse æsthetic *clichés,* the dull traditionalisms, that sprinkle these two solemnly playful volumes.

It is, one often thinks, a mind without sensibility. Could a mind not thus deficient have exhibited so comfortably the collection of testimonials to the worth of *Robert Elsmere, Marcella, Eleanor,* and the rest, that Mrs. Ward flaunts with the smug satisfaction of a patent-medicine manufacturer?—what the late Richard Watson Gilder thought of *Eleanor,* what Frederic Harrison wrote about the same *chef d'œuvre* ("I am quite sure that it is one of the most subtle and graceful things in all our modern fiction"), what Lord Bryce said about what Mr. Gladstone said about *Robert Elsmere*—"a refined criticism," he called it. Concerning *Robert Elsmere,* indeed, we hear so much—of its history, its sales, its profoundly unsettling effect upon the spiritual tranquility of cab-drivers, duchesses, and Pillars of the Church—that one is tempted at times to dismiss the autobiography as Robertelsmerely.

Yet the *Recollections* are rewarding — chiefly so by reason of their sketches of the great ones of the Victorian Age. Mrs. Ward has been fortunate in her acquaintanceship, and you will find in her pages numerous mementoes of Matthew Arnold and Pater, Jowett and Dean Stanley, Mark Pattison, George Eliot, Swinburne (a particularly happy glimpse), Newman, Canon Liddon, Lord Acton, Browning, Gladstone, Huxley and his cat, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lord Dufferin, Harriet and James Martineau, Tennyson, Morley, and (most memorable of all) a portrait of Henry James that one will long cherish for its true felicity and feeling. Here Mrs. Ward is at her most ingratiating—when she forgets to exhibit *Robert Elsmere* and *Eleanor* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale* as literary Perunas, and is willing to let her epoch speak in the rich timbre of her meditations.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

FAIR PLAY FOR THE WORKERS. By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

Religion—or rather the faith that underlies all true religion—should lead and control in all things. That this is believed, in the broadest sense and in the last resort, by the vast majority of civilized human beings, the war would seem to show.

There is, however, connected with this view of religion, a difficulty, in the form of a subtle paradox, which has been responsible for more misunderstanding than it would be easy to trace.

Briefly, the paradox is that you cannot successfully regard religion as either the *whole* or *a part*. The attempt to do either breaks down invariably in practice, and religion suffers by the failure.

If you regard religion as the *whole*, then you have theocracy in government, and servitude of the sciences to theology—or, at lowest, such an importation of theological methods and preconceptions into the sciences as deprives scientific thought of its independence and its worth.

But if you choose the other alternative—if you regard religion as only a part of life—then promptly religion ceases to be spiritual. It either becomes altogether a side-issue or loses itself in welfare work, in clubs, in forums, in politics, in culture.

The true view, if one may venture to formulate it, would seem to be that religious faith works through knowledge, just as the soul works through reason. The two are almost inseparable, but they are distinct. Without faith, no sanity, no good use of knowledge, perhaps ultimately no knowledge at all. Without knowledge, no faith that is easily distinguishable from placid ignorance—except, perhaps, in the moral geniuses, the saints and the mystics. Normally, intuition works through reason, guides it, informs it, but is felt as something higher than reason—something almost identified with reason, which cannot safely be either divorced from reason or substituted for it.

Thus much, in definition of his own attitude, the reviewer may perhaps be justified in writing, because there appears no other way of expressing adequately his thorough approval of Dr. Grant's interpretation of the ministerial function as indicated in this book.

Dr. Grant—rector for many years of the Church of the Ascension in New York, and author of several books, among which is *Christianity and Socialism*—perceives that religion must affect industrial life, and affect it in more than a consolatory or compensatory way. He declares

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with as much truth as force that "the Great War has exploded for our generation the idea that religion can be something apart from the whole organization of life." He intends, it would appear, to make his religious convictions effectual through knowledge and through acts. He is, thus, no mere theological dabbler in sociology bringing ready-made formulas to solve trying problems, or soothing phrases to reconcile men's minds to them. Nor is he merely a student of social questions who happens to be also a clergyman. He is a man of religion who studies sociology in order to know what is right. This is eminently one of the things that religion should lead men to do.

What Dr. Grant gives us is a critical and challenging presentation of the real industrial problems.

The cause of industrial unrest, Dr. Grant perceives, is simply that the workingmen have been "deprived of industrial franchise." Labor has lost the status—the security—that it had under feudal conditions. The modern theory of contract "has not restored the workingman to an integral place in our social economy." Nor can the resultant ills be cured by philanthropy. "Philanthropy," Dr. Grant says bluntly, "is practically played out"—and he proves his assertion.

Industrial dissatisfaction so deeply based is not permanently compatible with patriotism. The average well-to-do citizen in this country has little conception of the number of workers who are frankly unpatriotic because they feel that the country has given them no cause to love it, and that its boasted democracy is, so far as they are concerned, a humbug. True, all classes of labor loyally supported the Government during our war with Germany. But it is not to be forgotten, as Dr. Grant acutely points out, that the patriotism of the working classes is founded not so much upon actual conditions as upon an ideal which they believe their country specially qualified to realize. The lesson is plain.

The problem of securing justice and contentment for the American laborer broadens to include the question of immigration. It must be said just here that Dr. Grant dismisses Malthus rather too curtly as a mere "Jonah", and that he disregards a rather large and authoritative body of opinion when he declares that "we cannot shut out 'foreigners' and still be true to our ideals and to our practical requirements." To Dr. Grant, indeed, immigration appears to be less a matter of competing standards of living than a question of education and of moral assimilation. He is certainly right, however, in contending that the blending of races not too diverse is advantageous, and that practically all the races that come to us furnish sound and adaptable human material. He points out, moreover, a phase of the matter that has been too little emphasized when he suggests the wisdom of making America a country that will attract immigrants of the most desirable type.

Dr. Grant formulates the needs of the workers clearly and eloquently. As a believer in physical culture he places bodily training for health where it belongs—among the major goods of life. He advocates greater opportunity for free speech as a means of "mental adjustment." He does not hesitate to call some of our laws unjust as bearing upon labor, and to say that laws are unjustly administered. He calls for a greater sense of responsibility upon the part of the rich. He makes us ashamed of the enormous waste of material and of brains and of manhood which he proves to be going on constantly.

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In many ways Dr. Grant gives his readers a real insight into the industrial unrest of the time. He shows the depth of the feeling and its reasonableness; he makes plain that trades-unionism is not really an adequate means to relieve it. He demonstrates that much of what we are accustomed to call socialism is merely "democracy getting its second wind." And finally he affirms with truth that "the cure for democracy is more democracy."

What form is this enlargement of democracy to take? Not that of radical socialism certainly. "Current legislation indicates the lines of future advances—what might be called the liquidation of privilege. Public Service Commissions, Rates Commissions, Corporation Tax Laws, Income Taxes, and not socialistic platforms, will, for a long time to come be responsible for our economic reforms. Notice the list of Federal Commissions that a few years ago would have been thought socialistic:

"Civil Service Commission, Eight-Hour Day Commission, Federal Reserve Board, Federal Trade Commission, Interstate Commerce Commission, National Forest Reservation Commission, United States Board of Mediation and Conciliation, Federal Farm Loan Board."

But is there not a more specific "way out"? There is. It is called industrial self-government. And so logically does this mode of securing social justice fit in with Dr. Grant's whole analysis—with his prescription of "more democracy", with his melioristic rather than revolutionary temper—that what the book needs for final effectiveness seems to be just a full and detailed exposition of this plan. Lacking this, the treatise seems somewhat inconclusive, and it appears to place what is, so far as industry is concerned, a new principle, too nearly on a level with governmental concession and governmental attempts to regulate.

Dr. Grant's book has, indeed, the fault of being somewhat fragmentary in its treatment of social problems. Its chapters are rather too much like public addresses, practical, bullet-like, but not fashioned and joined with sufficient care. And although the author brings to bear upon his theme a store of knowledge both varied and thorough, it cannot be said that he selects and orders his facts with quite the skill of a trained economist.

Nevertheless, Dr. Grant shows a large grasp of the whole industrial situation, a sympathetic understanding of the point of view of the workers, a rare knowledge of the facts which they know and feel.

He has, moreover, an unusual power of arresting attention, of condensing much truth into a phrase, of rousing public opinion and pointing out the general direction of reform.

Quite as significant as anything in the book—though nearly all its contentions are timely and right—is the spirit in which the whole is written—a spirit of moral enthusiasm and of rigorous inquiry. Moral courage, strict impartiality, sympathy, and broad but thorough knowledge—who can use all these gifts to better advantage than can the man in the pulpit, and how except through their vigorous and practical employment is religion to accomplish its full usefulness?

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE KAISER. By David Jayne Hill, former ambassador to Germany. New York: Harper and Brothers.

There are several ways in which one may attempt to account for the greatest crime in history. There is the economic way, which, rightly pursued, serves only to show the need of further explanation. There is the personal way, which, though it rightly emphasizes unescapable personal guilt, fails to account for the character of the individual. There is the view that throws all the burden of responsibility upon a movement, a tendency, or a group, thereby seeming to prove that no personal responsibility exists—as fallaciously as scholastic philosophers proved that Achilles could not overtake the tortoise; the obvious facts being that Achilles *would* overtake the tortoise, and that there exists in our lives no more real and constant element than personal responsibility. There is—most cynical of all—the racial view which, logically carried out, relieves Germans as individuals of a large part of their guilt, while it condemns the whole nation to everlasting hatred and contempt.

The historic view unifies all other views, setting the truths they embody in true proportion and relation. This is precisely what David Jayne Hill has done in his work, somewhat misleadingly named, *Impressions of the Kaiser*. Dr. Hill gives us a unified view of the whole German phenomenon, with the Kaiser as at once its cause and its result, its center, its bond, its active agent.

The effect of this is to increase rather than to diminish the personal responsibility of William II.

If the Kaiser had acted otherwise the great catastrophe would not have occurred. "A different kind of Emperor would have produced a different kind of Germany"—the historic facts, the Emperor's own public acts and utterances, prove this beyond cavil. The violation of Belgium was "the morally inevitable culmination of the ambitions, the fantasies, and the impetuosity of Kaiser William II, unrestrained by a responsible government representing the interests of the German people."

The Kaiser, to be sure, is not solely responsible—is there any such thing as sole responsibility? Can any one initiate anything *ab origine?* The Kaiser is not Satan. He did not invent sin! He is merely as responsible for the war as one man can make himself for any great event by *identifying himself* with the forces of evil rather than with those of good—by giving the forces of wrong willing passage through his mind.

The Kaiser had historic antecedents and worked amid favoring conditions. We have to remember that "to the German, who even when he is in bondage can believe he is free, 'freedom' means being free from want and misery; he demands no other liberty." We have to remember that constitutionalism has never been a tradition in Germany as it has in England. "The Reichstag in 1914 had no idea that the question of peace or war was within its jurisdiction." We have to remember the whole medievalism of German life and thought—a condition of things so dimly recognized by other nations before the war. But these things cannot serve to attenuate the Kaiser's responsibility or to elevate his character. He partakes of the evil of that with

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which he identified himself, and in no small degree that evil is due to him.

A man irresistibly swept into a net of wickedness, to which he yields under protest, may enlist our sympathy; but not the Kaiser.

"Having in hand the formula of peace, needing only Russia's acceptance—which, as a fact, was in substance already assured—would the Reichstag have failed, as William II failed, to communicate it to the Russian Government while Nicholas II was solemnly protesting that mobilization did not mean war? . . .

"Analyze the situation as we may, we are always brought back to the 'necessities' created by Kaiser William Second's desire for prestige and the pressure of a military camarilla of which he was the head."

In short, what we have to do with in the case of Germany is the perversion of a whole people—in which one man played a prominent, a decisive, a whole-souled part. Economic motives, German ethics, junkerism—all these had for pretext and historic cause dynastic ambition and medieval ideals—of which ambition and ideals William II was the active exponent and in part the creator.

Yet the historic view does not justify childish animosity. The *actual* guilt of the Kaiser is plain; let us leave his *metaphysical* guilt to God. *It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.* The thing for the rest of the world to do is to get permanently rid of dynastic ambition: we are justified in doing with the Kaiser whatever it is necessary to do in order to achieve this end.

In any case, the study of his career is morally and historically illuminating.

Dr. Hill sums up the result of his comprehensive and penetrating study in words notable for breadth and justice:

"That which creates our interest in Kaiser William II is not any merely personal qualities that mark him as a man. It is that in playing the part of German Emperor he has exposed to mankind the danger that inheres in the Prussian doctrine of the state. His personal faith and teaching have only brought to maturity its deadly fruitage; for, believing himself endowed by special divine appointment with the immunities of the irresponsible state, in lighting the torch of a World War he has held himself without accountability to the standards and judgments of civilized men."

THE STORY OF THE SUN: 1833-1918. By Frank J. O'Brien, New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Story of the Sun, by Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, is so much more than the biography of one of the most interesting newspapers in the country that the title seems too restrictive. And yet it is the right title, for Mr. O'Brien, with all the wealth of collateral matter of such varied interest with which he has covered the 455 pages of his book, never once gets far afield from a straightforward, flowing narrative of the *Sun's* brilliant career from the day of its birth to its present effulgence under the comparatively recent ownership of Mr. Frank A. Munsey.

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But, in reality, Mr. O'Brien's book may fairly be described as an outline history of Journalism in New York during the past eighty-five years. It even goes a little beyond that. It gives one a satisfying glimpse of an entire journalistic world of the then not very important little city into which the *Sun* was born at 222 William Street on Tuesday, September 3, 1833. At this point Mr. O'Brien stops to note that of all morning newspapers then existing in New York on that day, only one other, the *Journal of Commerce,* is now extant save the *Sun* itself. How Benjamin H. Day, while working as a printer in the office of that same *Journal of Commerce,* as far back as 1830, became inoculated with a newspaper microbe then infesting the intellectuals of another *Journal of Commerce* printer, named Dave Ramsey; how this germ fastened itself upon Ben Day, until at last it resulted in the inception of the *Sun* on the date above named—all this Mr. O'Brien tells in the few spirited pages with which his *Sun* biography opens.

It was Ramsey's great idea, elaborated and practically applied by Day, that what the public wanted was a cheap newspaper, a penny newspaper that told in a quick, concise, live way the daily story of those near-at-hand actualities of the world in which they lived. The other newspapers were top-heavy—top-heavy in price and top-heavy in topics. They had created a long-felt want, Day believed, and he set about filling that want.

He was a graduate of that great academy of journalism—the Springfield *Republican.* He was only twenty-three years old at the time of his venture and he had learned to set type in the *Republican* office when he was a mere boy. Samuel Bowles was then the editor of the *Republican* and it was two years before another and a greater Samuel Bowles was born.

Naturally there was the usual derision of the Ramsey-Day cheap newspaper idea and the usual benevolent prophecies of failure when young Day, Ramsey having vanished from the scene, so far as the history of the *Sun* is concerned, set a pair of very firm, square jaws and reduced the idea from theory to practice. About 1,000 copies of the first *Sun* were printed, and of these only five are now known to be in existence—one in the private library of the present editor of the *Sun,* Edward Page Mitchell; one in the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street; two in the library of the American Type Founders Company, Jersey City, and one very carefully locked up in the *Sun's* safe.

There were seven morning and four evening newspapers in New York when the *Sun* was born. The *Evening Post,* with William Cullen Bryant and Fitz-Greene Halleck, its editors, was flourishing with a circulation of 3,000. The *Morning Courier and New York Enquirer* (morning), had a larger circulation than any of its esteemed contemporaries—4,500. New York was even then the nation's metropolis and was about as large as is the present Indianapolis. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Nathaniel P. Willis and George P. Moonis were the largest figures of intellectual New York then, and four of them, at least—Irving and Cooper, Bryant and Halleck—still loom large on the intellectual horizon of their country with its hundred-odd millions of population.

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It is in the delightfully intimate glimpses Mr. O'Brien continually gives us of these and other names, now developed in a rather awe-inspiring reverence, which is one of the great charms of his book. A little startling, to be sure, are some of these glimpses. For instance, it comes as something of a shock to read of the author of *Thanatopsis* and *The Death of the Flowers,* having a spirited fist fight in front of the City Hall one sunny afternoon with William L. Stone, one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser.* But journalism in those days wallowed in billingsgate and hair-raising personalities, and coffee and pistols, as well as bare knuckles and horsewhips, were some of its equipments.

J. Watson Webb was the leading New York newspaper man of the day. He was not a pacifist, although his father had held the Bible upon which George Washington took the oath as first President of the United States. J. Watson had been in the army and his militant spirit was still with him when he was editor of the *Morning Courier* and united it with the *Enquirer.* He was a progressive in journalism. He established a horse express between New York and Washington at a cost of $7,500 a month to get news from Congress and the White House twenty-four hours ahead of his rivals. Incidentally he was a fighter. He had a row with Duff Green in Washington in 1830, and in 1830 he thrashed James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald,* in Wall Street. He challenged Representative Cilley, of Maine, to a duel. Cilley, who was a classmate at Bowdoin of Longfellow and Hawthorne, refused the challenge but had no objections to a gentlemanly exchange of rifle shots with Graves, of Kentucky, Webb's second, and was shot dead at the first fire. In 1842 Webb fought a duel with Representative Marshall, of Kentucky, and was not only wounded but sentenced to two years in prison for leaving the State with the intention of fighting a duel. He was pardoned in two weeks.

It was upon this stormy sea of New York journalism that the *Sun* was launched, a pretty frail bark, as many believed, but destined quickly to show proof of staunch sea-going qualities. It prospered; but its great event, the event which confirmed it as a financial success of the first order, was its publication of the Great Moon Hoax. This curiosity of American newspaper literature is but a dim memory of tradition even among the older New Yorkers and little more than a meaningless phrase with most people. Mr. O'Brien tells the whole curious genesis of this remarkable bit of fiction with a minuteness of detail and a vividness of narrative which is fascinating to a degree. He also reproduces extracts from the story itself as well as the fanciful pictures of moon life and landscapes which the *Sun* printed. In all the earlier reminiscent part of his *Story of the Sun* there is no chapter that more agreeably engages the attention than the one devoted to Richard Adams Locke's exploit in "faking"—the Great Moon Hoax.

With the exception of an interlude of about a year when the *Sun* was purchased and conducted as a rather oppressively dull publication on a religious basis, the paper was ever the sprightly, very worldly publication it became during the best years of the Dana control. Ben Day sold it to the Beaches for $40,000. They sold it for $250,000. Then it passed, on Charles A. Dana's death, to the ownership of the

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Laffan interests; then to Mr. William C. Reick, and, finally, to its present owner, Mr. Frank A. Munsey. The two epochs in the paper's history are the Day-Beach and the Dana, and it is hard to say which of the two, in his admirable work, Mr. O'Brien has made the more interesting. The Day-Beach times are undoubtedly the more picturesque, for life in that first half of the nineteenth century seems to have had a tang and zest which gradually faded into more colorless days with the growing communication and tendency towards standardization in newspaper production. The story of the *Sun* with the brilliant group of writers, headed by Edward Page Mitchell, which Mr. Dana gathered about him, is so close to the days in which we live that many of the old, the no longer young, and those treading on the heels of the no longer young will find Mr. O'Brien's book a most refreshing and entertaining reminder of men and events that may be growing somewhat dim. It is quite within the mark to say that there is not a dull line, much less a dull page, in all Mr. O'Brien's record. It is not only a history of journalism in New York for nearly a hundred years back, but it is a rich store of biographical data of men who made up New York's intellectual life during that period. The *Sun* was ever called "the newspaper man's paper," and with quite as much warrant Mr. O'Brien's *Story of the Sun* may be called the newspaper man's newspaper book.

THE RECKONING. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his eminently sane, vigorous, and democratic book, *The Reckoning*—logical successor of *The Evidence in the Case* and *The War and Humanity*—Mr. Beck presents, explains, and solidly builds up three definitive ideas, three principles that every one needs to grasp and apply with reference to the present state of the world.

If we cannot at this juncture take hold with firmer conviction and with broader comprehension upon the elemental truths of civilization and of democracy—if a majority of us cannot do this—then the ultimate benefit of the war will be lost.

No other post-war discourse flies so straight to the mark as does Mr. Beck's.

The first of the fundamental ideas of which the author treats is the Higher Law.

The grasp of this large conception as something no less real than the Constitution of the United States, no less familiar than the Ten Commandments, no less mighty than the force of national patriotism, is the thing most needed to insure sane, confident, resolute thinking about problems big and little.

The existence of the higher law has been recognized more or less clearly in all religions, all mythologies, all literatures. It has found a place in ancient Roman and in modern English jurisprudence. Before the comparatively recent doctrine of the omnipotence of Parliament arose, "the great masters of common law all supported the doctrine, as laid down by Lord Coke, that the judiciary had the power to nullify a law if it were against common right and reason." Again the Pil-

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grims who signed the famous compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, "did not covenant to obey *all* laws that the majority might dictate, but only such as were 'just and equal.'" The founders of this Republic wrote the higher law into the Constitution. Of this same higher law, international law is the largest, albeit an imperfect, expression. But the higher law is not confined to the regulation of great affairs; it runs from the top to the bottom of life. The passengers on the *Titanic* obeyed it without question when they gave to women and children the first chance to be saved.

From the conception of the higher law flows the best definition of Germany's guilt. In the words of Mr. Beck: "It is Germany's greatest crime that for the time being she has impaired and nullified this divine ideal, which in this time of blood and iron constitutes the best hope of the human race. Her consistent conduct, from the beginning of the world war, has been not only a ruthless challenge to the paramount authority of the higher law, but a flat denial of its very existence."

Inseparably connected with this same conception, is the idea of just and righteous punishment. The punishment adequate to the crime, in Germany's case, is not merely the pulling down of the Hohenzollern dynasty, but the destruction of the German Empire. And to attain this end economic pressure may properly be employed. "I cannot see," argues Mr. Beck, "that an economic boycott to bring Germany to its senses is less justifiable than the destruction of its cities and towns by heavy artillery." And has it not become increasingly manifest of late that Germany still needs something to bring it to its senses? "Why should not the Allied nations at the peace table," pursues the author, "use this potent weapon in order to democratize Germany and to separate the German States from Prussia?" Reparation, then, indemnities, restoration, by all means; but besides this the break-up of an empire that has been only "strong to hurt," and that must not be perpetuated under new forms!

The second definitive idea that Mr. Beck sets forth is, briefly, that the Germans, bad as they have shown themselves to be, are human—and being human are not beyond the bounds of reasonable hope. Sanity requires that we should take into consideration facts such as those presented by the author—facts tending to show the existence in Germany of a remnant of real morality, of real reason, of real democratic opinion—the total absence of which would mark a condition below "the dignity of human nature." For there is always the danger that moral indignation, thinking only of the law and losing sight of that spiritual solidarity which alone makes the law binding, may pass into moral madness—that is into cynicism.

The third fundamental idea that the author lucidly states and practically develops is the need in a democracy of free and intelligent criticism of those greater policies which the Government adopts in world affairs. Taking up, one by one, President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," Mr. Beck subjects each of them to a fair and searching criticism, pointing out ambiguities and possible dangers, warning against undue idealism, marking out, in a manner which can arouse no partizanship and excuse no prejudice, the lines of reason and of enlightened expediency.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ARMY NAMES ITS CHOICE

SIR,—"Your American Army is the most wonderful army that the world has ever seen. In its outstanding mental quality, in its clean intellectual vigor, this whole A. E. F. is the most extraordinary revelation and portent of the Great War."

Strong language? Not to those who know at first hand the facts on which it rests. And the speaker, moreover, was not an enthusiastic compatriot exalted by national pride, but a European military officer, cool, critical, trained, sophisticated, and a close observer of the war in France.

He was thinking, as he spoke, of the broad general outlines of that virile intelligence characterizing the stream of picked men that America has poured into the Old World,—an intelligence evidenced in almost as many ways as there are aspects to human life. And he could have illustrated his thought through countless phases—could have illustrated it very partially and superficially, had he chosen, by citing merely the types of books that most strongly appeal to the Army overseas.

On the 19th of September the American Library Association, finely installed in the late residence of the papal legate, on the rue de l'Elysée, Paris, inserted in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* a little anouncement to the effect that it was now prepared to loan to any member of the American Expeditionary Force any book in its stacks, free of charge. Books must be faithfully returned to the Library but might be retained a month, and could be franked back and forth through the mails.

The response was instant, and, to the too-small library staff, almost as overwhelming as it was gratifying. At first from near-by points, then from more and more removed or isolated stations, letters poured in by multiplying hundreds, acclaiming the dawn of a great day and begging for books. And the titles given told in small an eloquent story of the army's mind.

Men familiar with the French and English Forces in part differentiate the psychology of these two bodies from that of our own troops by saying, in effect: "The older armies are tired, while the Americans fairly snap and crackle with initiative, with creative ambition, with energy that, in season and out of season, must have outlet and a free road ahead." Concretely, a big camp of Tommies that make bread for the British Army in France sits in its Y. M. C. A. hut contented and happy, night after night, reading and discussing Shakespearean plays, under the gentle guidance of a young Irish lady, daughter of a notable

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Quaker house, and widow of an officer killed at the front. Having served the men behind the counter all day long, selling them tobacco and chocolate, making them tea, attending to their material wants, she finds it still an easy task to hold and amuse them during a long evening with joint speculations on the mellow wisdom of three hundred years ago. But this same young prophetess who has unerringly found her way to the Tommies' hearts, quite freely confessed herself nonplussed by a company of American boys suddenly added to her flock.

"I don't reach them. They are very polite and good to me, but I don't get at them—I don't understand them—and I must!" she lamented.

A Major of Engineers, trustee of Columbia University, fresh from the actual front and experienced on all sides, explained the enigma.

"You can't thoroughly interest our American boys, here and now, in dead or dormant or abstract issues," he said. "Whether they consciously know it or not, they are here, every one of them, as fighting champions of a great, fighting crusade. The impetus lies deep in their hearts. They have crossed the seas to drive home a living principle by which the world of tomorrow must *move*. And the spirit, the demand, of active progression, is on them every one. You can interest some of them, lightly, passingly, in matters of another cast, but their mental impulse, their craving, their necessity, is to bend their minds to things creative—to things that tend to increased production or force—to increased driving power in one form or other, either now or in their future lives at home."

Approximately ninety percent of the letters received from soldiers of the A. E. F. ask for "class-books"—books concerned either with a better handling of the day's work or with preparation for active work at home, when civil life shall have been resumed.

Before there was any talk of peace—while the army as a whole accepted with certainty the prospect of another two years' fighting, and when the boys' indomitable ambition and intellectual thirst were still their only incentives, scores of such letters as the following reached the American Library Association by every post.

From Corporal R. P. C., of the Searchlight School:

"In yesterday's New York *Herald* I noticed the article about your present system of sending books through the A. E. F. mail. It answers a longing for text-books, the lack of which I have felt keenly since I struck France. Have you Bell's *Transmission of Power,* or the later numbers of Hawkins's Electrical books? If you have none of these, any good advanced book on almost any branch of modern applied electricity will be appreciated."

Private C. H. L., ——— Aero Squadron, writes to ask for a first course in algebra. "I passed up that study in school," he adds, "and have been sorry ever since."

Sergeant J. G. S., of the Medical Department, says, "When I enlisted, I was about to take up a course in economics and banking, and any book you could send me to enable me to start over here would be greatly appreciated. I desire also to learn my present work well, and have been trying to get Mason's *Hand-book* to study."

"I want a book of American Civics and Government," writes Private L. D. C. of Hospital Unit A., "a book of elementary law, and a book or books dealing with transportation and commerce, mainly in relation

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to merchant marine affairs, if possible. I somehow feel myself growing rusty. . . . In the evenings and now and then during respite in the day's work I can find time for a little reading. . . . Can you help me?"

First Sergeant F. M. S., Base Hospital Number One, wants Henry L. Grant's *Industrial Leadership, The Awakening of Business,* by E. A. Hurley, Hartness's *The Human Factor in Works Management,* or, failing these, " a good book on cement manufacture as applied to our Army requirements will be appreciated."

Corporal F. B. M., Company K, 23d Engineers, was quick to plead: " I should like to procure text books on physics, mechanics or calculus, in order to do some studying in spare time. I am not only speaking for myself, but for other fellows in the detachment, as we are in an isolated camp in the woods, some miles from the nearest town. Over 60% of the detachment are college men, so we expect to form classes."

Taking a file of letters at random, and listing the requested titles and subjects as they come, without selection, this is the result:

> Auditing, or Advanced Accounting, Anatomy and Diagnosis, *The Rubaiyat, Les Misérables, Electrical Engineers' Handbook, Science and Health,* Aviation, Ancient History of France, Automobile Repairing, O. Henry, Tennyson, History of the 19th Century, Practical Wireless Telegraphy, Strength and Elasticity of Metals, Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations,* Telegraphy & Telephone Work, General Geology of South Central France, Banking, Advanced Trigonometry, Stenography, Civil Engineering, Concrete Construction, Carlyle's *French Revolution,* Barrett Wendell's *France of Today,* Re-enforced Concrete, all books of Ralph Waldo Trine, Agriculture as to Gardening, Dairying, Stock-raising, Rupert Hughes's stories, Industrial Economics, Business Methods, Bret Harte, Lighting and Starting System of Automobiles, Bee-Culture, Salesmanship, Architecture, Building & Contracting, Textiles.

It is worthy of note that the very great majority of these letters come from enlisted men or from non-commissioned officers, while the relatively few officers' requests are mainly for books to be consulted in preparing lectures for their men, for collections to be placed in company barracks, or for primary readers and children's story-books—actually for the Elsie Books, in a few instances, and for Horatio Alger, to be used in teaching the illiterate to read.

Such wants must be speedily supplied. Meantime books from the Paris stacks, in twos, in fives, in twenty-fives and in multiples of seventy, are daily streaming over France into the outstretched hands of the A. E. F. And with them goes a little printed notice, to tack over the shelf:

> These books are loaned on the honor system. If you fail, it fails. America is far away, tonnage scarce, and books precious. Play square with the other fellow; he has played square with you.

The boys play square. They handle the books as carefully as they can, and return them just as promptly as conditions permit. The percentage of loss is small, and the harvest of appreciation beyond all reckoning. And it is only just to add that Mr. Burton Stevenson, at the head of the work, puts a spirit, intelligence, sympathy and enthusiasm into the whole operation that guarantees the handsomest success.

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The purpose of the A. L. A. is "the placing of books everywhere that American Soldiers or Sailors may be found." To accomplish that purpose it uses whatever vehicles can best serve its end. Fifty percent of its out-go, it has estimated, has been distributed through the agency of the Y. M. C. A., whether in the "Y's" big centres, or in its widely scattered huts, whether by its travelling camionettes or by its riders doing errands on the wing. Of the remaining fifty percent about half has been handled by the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army and other organizations, each assisting according to its reach, while the remaining twenty-five percent has been sent direct from the A. L. A. stacks to military units of every description, and to the individual applicant.

So the Y. M. C. A. buys standard literature in small pocket volumes —the English Nelson Edition, light and little and clear of print, affords one fruitful source—packs it up in cases of twenty volumes each, and sends it into the fighting trenches strapped on "Y" secretaries' backs. Books so despatched the Library Bureau writes off its accounts as gone.

It is the business of the Y. M. C. A. to get the daily papers to the A. E. F., wherever that may lie beyond the reach of ordinary civilian supplies. In the combat areas it delivers all papers free of charge. And, whenever possible, it sends newspapers from home along with the rest.

The English-speaking European dailies are as manna in the wilderness, but a home paper—any good home paper—means a pearl beyond all price. A "Y" Secretary recently rode his rickety, shell-shocked motorcycle into an isolated camp, sure of a welcome because his sidecar was full of cigarettes, and because tobacco had been "fini" in those parts these many days. His tobacco flew as on angels' wings, but good news flew faster still. Someone had seen a New York *Times* sticking out of his overcoat pocket.

Presently came the Colonel's Adjutant, with the Colonel's compliments, and might he borrow that *Times*, briefly? Then came the Major, in person, keen on the same scent. Then came a little first lieutenant, very deprecatory, very anxious, who knew he was "asking a great deal—too much, probably"—but he was just going into the front trenches—and if he could only take that paper along to the boys, he—words failed him. His pleading look finished the phrase.

I sat down to write about books—about the books our boys want, and what that want shows of their splendid brains—their alertness, their ambition, their grip and design upon the future, each in his own way. But I end as we all must end who see them over here—in the overwhelming impression of their clean-minded loyalty—of their intense belief in and love for the people, the ideals, the faith of their own homes across the sea.

PARIS, FRANCE. KATHERINE MAYO.

"THE REAL COLONEL HOUSE"

SIR,—The December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has an attack on Colonel Edward M. House, that, as a friend and biographer (in a small way), I feel that I cannot let pass unchallenged. The author of the attack attempts to veil his philippic under the guise of a review of a

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volume recently offered to the public, entitled, *The Real Colonel House,* by Arthur D. Howden Smith. The name of the author of the attack is Frederick W. Henshaw, accredited to the Supreme Court of California, and whose name has recently been mentioned in the Mooney case, calling for a newspaper explanation from Judge Henshaw, that may or may not have satisfied the reading public. I cheerfully waive all criticism of him, since he has received his billet of approval from Judge W. M. Morrow, former member of Congress from California and now on the circuit bench of the United States, who says Judge Henshaw is a brilliant lawyer.

The limits of my letter will not furnish an opportunity for answering completely and conclusively the several counts in Judge Henshaw's indictment of President Wilson's friend, companion and trusted messenger extraordinary to foreign lands, Colonel Edward Mandell House, but I offer first for the unprejudiced judgment of the readers of the REVIEW the opening paragraph as follows:

> It was undoubtedly due to the growing restiveness of the American people against a man who, without official position, is sent on secret missions of vast consequence to their welfare,—*who has never done one act or uttered one word by which the people might guage his capacity,*—that the world is indebted for this unique volume.
>
> [The italics are mine].

Sent to Europe on five separate international diplomatic missions by the President of the United States, and yet this representative of the Golden State with its Golden Gate and its Pacific Ocean that is never pacific, bawls like hoarse (not coarse) Fitzgerald that he, Colonel House, of Texas and not Missouri, "has never done one act by which the people might gauge his capacity." This same nobody is the man of whom Colonel George Harvey said (to me) he would like to see succeed W. J. Bryan as Secretary of State. And the same who, through me, passed the compliment back to the brilliant editor that he, Colonel House, would like to see Colonel Harvey appointed in Bryan's place.

Soon after it became known that Colonel House was enjoying the confidence and esteem of President Wilson, Charles Willis Thompson said of him in an article in the New York *Times:*

> Colonel House is a man whose words are few, and when he does consent to drop one it is worth its weight in gold; not only because he tells the truth, but because his judgment and insight are great. It was the perception of this fact that bound the President to him. The President relies more on his judgment than on any one else's, because he has found it always right; and with this keen judgment and insight goes a wonderfully clarifying power of statement and an impersonal and an objective way of looking at a situation which make his views on any question things of golden value.

Peter Clarke Macfarlane, in *Collier's Weekly,* said of Colonel House:

> In matters of policy his judgment seems to be colored by no passion and clouded by no prejudice. His manner is ingratiating. He does not bluster; he thinks. In argument he does not overbear with a full tide of his own steam, but instead sets up the cards carelessly almost, a reason here, an inference there, a situation yonder, and so allows his opponent to convince himself. He turns no thumbscrews; he wields no clubs; his weapons are of the mind. Nor does there appear to be anything ulterior in his motives, or occult in his method. I see no foreboding in his relationship to the President. The closeness of that relation is creditable to both men and fortunate for the country. It

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has no sinister connotation. Edward M. House is no *Oliver le Diable*. He is at once a friend of the President and of the people. Because he is the last so completely, he is the first so intimately.

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking of the American Mission to the Allied war conferences held in London and Versailles, said:

> The mission which has thus successfully terminated its labors, was, so far as we are concerned, an unqualified success. To that conference President Wilson could not have sent more sagacious and useful representatives than Colonel House and the other members of the mission who accompanied him. Colonel House, indeed, has proved himself not only a worthy representative of the United States but has won the friendship and respect of all the European Allies.

André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States, speaking on the same subject said:

> The presence in Europe of the American mission is an event upon the importance of which it is superfluous to comment. Colonel House, by his eminent qualities, has merited the confidence of President Wilson. I have had many opportunities to observe him, and no finer representative of American idealism could have been selected. He will represent among us completely the thought and will of the President of the United States.

I submit the following newspaper dispatch printed in a well-known New York daily:

> London, June 25, 1915. An interesting development of the recent stay in London of Colonel E. M. House, intimate of President Wilson, came to light this week, when it became known that Colonel House visited King George twice at Buckingham Palace. In both instances the invitation to see the king came to Colonel House from Buckingham Palace unsolicited, etc., etc.

Now, perhaps, some Aldiborontiphoscophorino, from the home of Abe Reuf, or some blatant partisan politician or some American Bolshevik or disguised Boche, will prate about Anglophiles, Regiphiles and autocrats! Lord Byron, a blarsted Englishman, said:

> A man must serve his time to every trade
> Save censure—critics all are ready made.

The California jurist complains that Colonel House has never "uttered one word by which the people might gauge his capacity." Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

> I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said [and]
> We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits.

Judge Henshaw, speaking of Mr. Smith's book, *The Real Colonel House*, makes this delphic observation: "It is unique in that, while in form biographical, in its essence it is autobiographical." He seems unwilling to accept the word of the author, who says by way of preface:

> This is an intimate biography only in the sense that it reflects my own interpretation of Colonel House based upon an acquaintance and friendship of several years. It is in no sense official for I have not sought access to confidential papers nor have I asked for undue confidences from Colonel House.

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Colonel House's reputation among all fair-minded men for modesty and reticence is so well established that it will take a heavier gun than the writer of this diatribe on *The Real Colonel House* to harm or hurt or even arouse any other interest than disgust, and I refer all guilty persons to the lines of Byron:

> Believe a woman or an epitaph,
> Or any other thing that's false, before
> You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.

The attachment between President Wilson and Colonel House and the use of the services of the latter in some of the stupendous problems of American life and politics make an epoch in American history. A great mind once said that there is nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.

I have noticed only Judge Henshaw's opening shot at his victim. The balance of the screed is little more than vaporings, balderdash, and twaddle, and I dare say, even in the honest opinion of the author, reflect only on himself.

HENRY HERBERT CHILDERS.

Washington, D. C.

SUFFRAGE QUALIFICATIONS

SIR,—In a recent number of the REVIEW, Arthur T. Galt, of Chicago, in a letter to the editor, expresses what is a frequent criticism of "the present propaganda for woman suffrage," namely, "that it should be universal without qualification of any kind." He asks the REVIEW to "bring the point favorably and forcefully to public notice before it is too late."

It is already too late, as the proposed Federal Suffrage Amendment has passed the House of Representatives and is very close to adoption by the Senate, and if the slighest change were made it would have to go through the Lower House again and to be presented to the Senate with entirely new arguments. This amendment reads simply: "The right of suffrage shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." It leaves every State with liberty to impose any qualifications for voting that it chooses except the unsurmountable one of sex. Mr. Galt argues that "there should be some mental and a slight property qualification." Nothing in the proposed amendment would prevent any State from making these requirements, but the fact that most of those States where they once existed have removed them, and the others never have had them, shows that they are not considered desirable. A few of the Northern States have a very slight educational test, and the Southern States have both educational and property requirements, chiefly to keep out the negro vote. This is shown by the fact that they are worded in such a way as not to disfranchise white men. Most of those States and a few in the North have a poll tax.

A Federal Amendment imposing even slight educational and property qualifications would have great difficulty in getting through Congress, as most of the members have in their districts and States a considerable constituency of illiterate and non-taxpaying men, who would bitterly resent

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requirements which would bar out the women of their family. This reason would also make it impossible to carry a State Amendment, which would have to be acted upon by the individual voters. Since we have universal suffrage for men, nothing less is possible for women. No educational test could be imposed more severe than the ability to read a few sentences from the Constitution, and a taxpaying requirement would have to be very slight indeed.

Would a man or a woman necessarily be a more intelligent and responsible voter if able to meet these tests? There are people in the professions who do not pay taxes, and there are others without any education who know under what kind of conditions they wish to work and to rear their families. "The crimes against the ballot box" are not committed by the ignorant and the poor, but very often they are instigated by the rich and carried out by shrewd, intelligent political "bosses," nor is it by any means only the poor and the ignorant whose votes are for sale. What we need to secure a more desirable electorate than we have at present is a higher standard of civic virtue and a better appreciation of the value of a vote, and this is needed quite as much by the rich and the educated as by the poor and illiterate.

IDA HUSTED HARPER,
Editorial Chairman National Leslie Suffrage Bureau.

NEW YORK CITY.

WE ARE INDICTED

SIR,—A copy of the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and one of the WAR WEEKLY came to hand according to your enclosed letter, and I write of my unwillingness to add these journals to my reading list and venture to offer one or two reasons.

I do not share in the REVIEW's evident bitterness toward President Wilson and Colonel House, though I am willing to accept all it says in criticism of Secretary Baker.

In particular, I am opposed to its advocacy of militarism, its endorsement of Secretary Daniel's plan for a great navy, when we ought to be planning for a lesser force than we have. It seems to favor universal military service and general preparation for war.

I have a son, a university man and a minister, who resigned his congregation to enter the ranks as a private in the infantry. He was killed in battle and we shall never see him in this world. I am sure he did not leave all and give up all that we should adopt the system against which he fought. If we should adopt the ideas of the REVIEW, Germany would win in principle, even though she lost in the actual conflict. . . . Our son thought that he was giving his life for humanity, for the rights of the common man and the freedom of all men. What a tragedy it would be if our victory should result in a triumph of the Tories of the Allied nations, the exploiting of the common people by Big Business, and the Prussianizing of America!

W. J. COLEMAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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WILL H. HAYS

Chairman of the Republican National Committee, to whom Mr. Roosevelt Addressed His Last Memorandum

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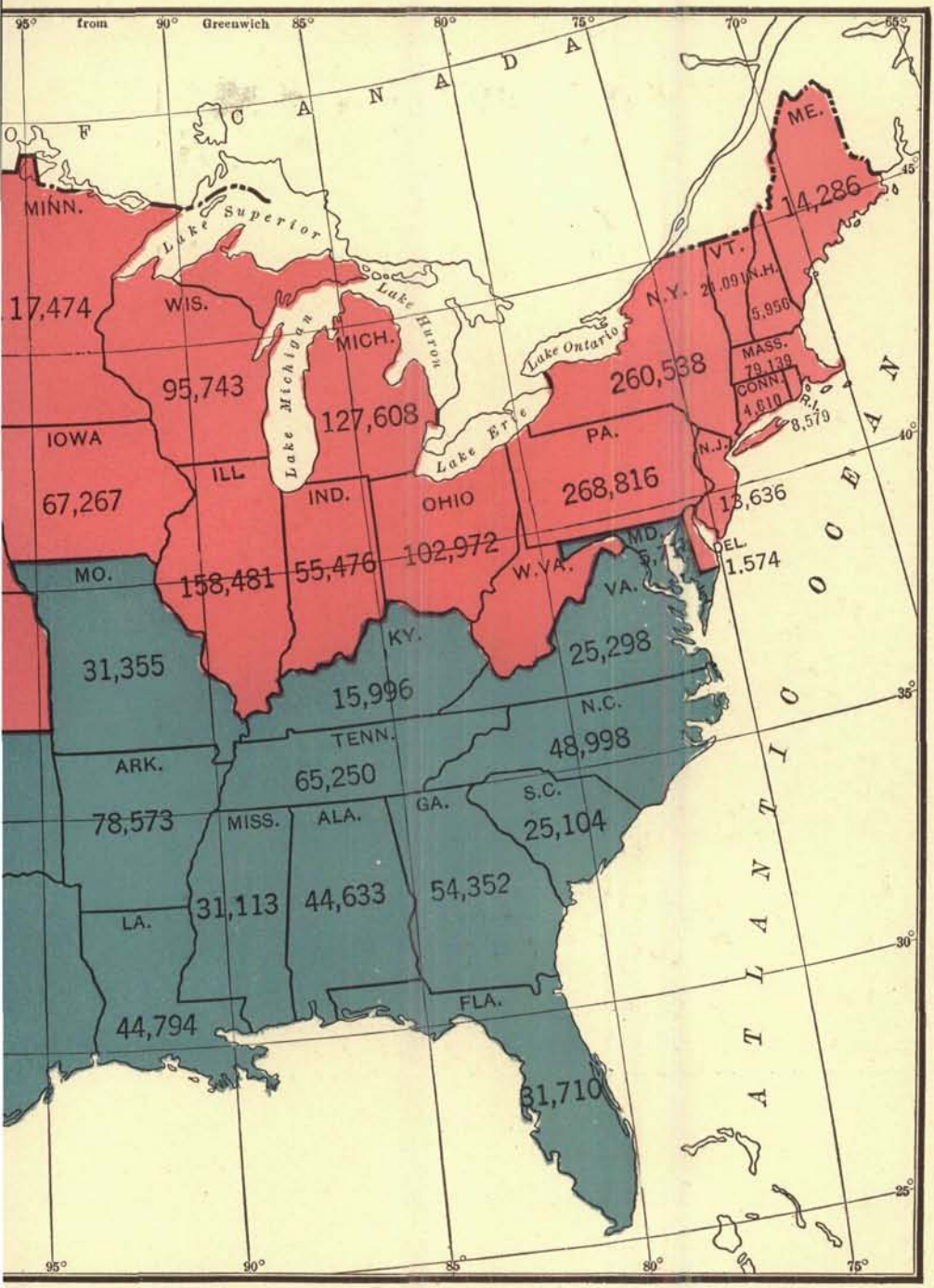

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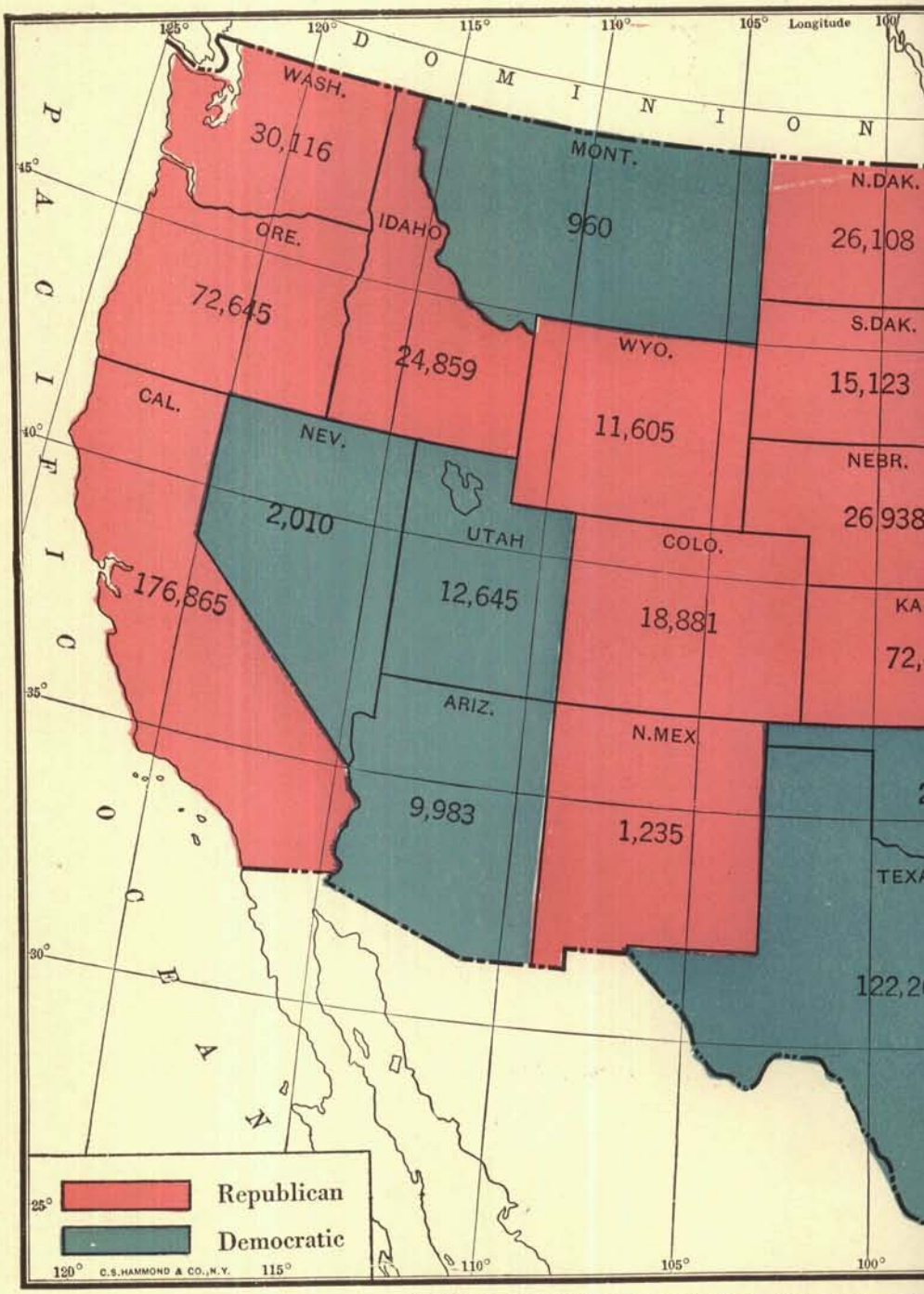

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